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THE Department of Labor is to be warmly commended for reversing its stand and permitting Tom Mann, seventy-six-year-old British labor leader, to come to this country to take part in the campaign against war.

HIGHER PRICES are inevitable if the recovery program is to succeed in its purpose of raising the standard of living of farmers and low-paid and unemployed industrial workers, but, as we said last week, unless the advances go to these classes and are checked before others are allowed to levy on the consumer, the whole Roosevelt effort will fail. The classes whom the recovery program is designed to help will be caught in the familiar "vicious circle" and made worse off than they are now, millions of middle-class wage- and salary-workers will be bled white, and a host of profiteers will fatten at the expense of the public at large. For these reasons the price-control clauses of the proposed retailers' code seem to us highly dangerous. They propose to fix a minimum but not a maximum spread between wholesale and retail prices. The storekeeper is told that he must not sell his goods at less than 10 per cent above what he pays for them, but he is in no way restrained in clapping on prices beyond that. We doubt if the government needs to be so tender toward the retailers. Although destructive trade practices have grown out of the depression, these will correct themselves naturally once merchandise begins to move. On the other hand, it is just at that point that the consumer needs protection unless he is to be shamelessly exploited and the recovery program thrown back for a loss. There is no possible justification for fixing retail prices at a minimum above wholesale prices unless maximum prices to the consumer are also prescribed.

THE Administration's public-works program is under fire, and the barrage is descending chiefly on the head of Administrator Harold L. Ickes. The burden of the criticism is that the delay in starting building has retarded reemployment. Thus Heywood Broun in his syndicated column points in friendly fashion to the irony that Secretary Ickes's scrupulous desire not to see the public money wasted in graft has impeded his proper "function to pass around $3,300,000,000 in public works in order to reduce unemployment and stimulate buying power." Actually the execution of the program has not been slow, considering the tremendous difficulties involved and the precautions—labeled "red tape" by the critics—established by the act itself. Mr. Ickes was appointed Public Works Administrator on July 8. Two and a half months later allotments on nearly one and three-quarter billion dollars' worth of projects had been made. On September 25 the transfer from the Treasury of $1,134,000,000 had been requested.

THE REAL SHORTCOMING of the public-works program lies in its conception. Large as the sum assigned may appear, it is pathetically inadequate when we consider (1) the necessity of putting millions of men back at work; (2) the suspension, owing to the near-bankruptcy of most communities, of the usual local building—the federal appropriation is attempting to fill a vacuum formerly occupied by city, county, State, and federal construction; and (3) the required approval of projects by other bodies, chiefly State and municipal authorities. Ten weeks is a short time in which to conceive of projects, draw plans, submit them to Washington, have them approved, have them returned with modifications to the States for their approval, return them to Washington with the indorsement of the State authorities, and begin with the competitive bidding of contractors. Moreover, it is obvious that the money is expended throughout the life of the project. If a $44,200,000 bridge is approved—such as the Triborough in New York City—some weeks are required before the steel is fabricated. Many more months are required during the process of construction before that sum passes into circulation as wages. Obstruction in the States is due to the wise provision that adequate wages must be paid. The act requires that 70 per cent of the cost be met locally, and although that money can be borrowed from the federal government, many communities have felt that the wage stipulation increases the cost approximately one-third, so that in reality the federal contribution of 30 per cent furnishes no financial help.

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ANOTHER DIFFICULTY of the act is that a considerable part of the appropriation is assigned to projects not properly public works at all. The largest item allotted so far is $450,000,000 for roads. Work has begun on these. But the next largest single item, $238,000,000 for warships, was made optional with the President, who could authorize the construction of naval vessels only if he deemed it desirable. Another $100,000,000 goes to the Farm Credit Administration for the financing of payments to farmers. Such items as $400,000 for an investigation by the Federal Power Commission, $549,240 for animal industry, and numerous others are not for public works. By the time Congress reconvenes in January, it may be taken for granted that the entire sum of $3,300,000,000 will have been allotted and that work in virtually every project will be well under way. The caution that Secretary Ickes has displayed in insisting on honest and competent disbursal of the public moneys is praiseworthy. But what is imperative is that Congress should appropriate a sum possibly twice as large for the ensuing year. Secretary Ickes thinks that slum clearance and low-cost housing is the type of work needed. If the States and municipalities are laggard because of financial difficulties, then the federal government must do the job.

THE DEMANDS of the Southern Congressmen and of representatives of cotton growers for 20-cent cotton and a direct inflation of the currency through the printing of paper money were met by President Roosevelt with an immediate compromise. He has now pledged the government to lend 10 cents a pound against this year's cotton to all planters who will agree to reduce their acreage next year to 40 per cent of their average acreage for the last five years, and to reduce plantings in 1935 by 25 per cent from those of the same base period. What does this involve? It involves, in the first place, a resumption of the old disastrous policy of the Farm Board, but on potentially a much larger scale. For it means lending against cotton an amount higher than the price at which cotton sold before the pledge was made; and it means potential loans of $400,000,000. And if this is done for cotton alone, why, in principle, should it not be done for the growers of other crops? The latter, at least, will be certain to make demands along these lines, and it will be extremely difficult to refuse them. It is held that the present plan differs from the Farm Board experiment in that it involves a drastic crop reduction. But it remains to be seen whether the administrative problem of making this crop reduction effective can be solved—whether dependable figures can be obtained on the average plantings of individual growers in the last five years, whether the 40 per cent reduction can be overseen and enforced, and whether the net result of a more intensive cultivation of 60 per cent of the former acreage will not offset smaller plantings. Suppose, however, that the reductions actually are enforced. The project comes down to one of lessened production. It would be well if the Administration made a fresh study of what happened to rubber under the Stevenson restriction plan. The British, by forcing a reduced output, did force up the price of rubber; but by the same token they stimulated Dutch production enormously, so that in the end the price of rubber collapsed and the British lost their former share of the world market permanently. Is there any reason why similar consequences cannot follow in the case of cotton?

THE only permanent cure for the difficulties of the cotton growers will come not through an arbitrary restriction of production but through a restoration of markets. And for the cotton grower this means primarily a restoration of foreign markets, for normally 55 per cent of our total cotton production is sold abroad. A restoration of foreign markets, in turn, means a mutual reduction of tariff barriers. It even means a reduction of our own tariff wall, whether any other country reduces or not. For the only purchasing power the outside world has with which to buy here comes out of the proceeds from what it sells here. It is to the great credit of Secretary Wallace that he has recently spoken strongly on the need for tariff reduction if American agriculture is to be permanently helped; but on the same day that he spoke, it was announced from Washington that Administration officials had completed the draft of a plan by which President Roosevelt, under the terms of the NRA, "could arbitrarily impose extra fees in addition to the import duty" on cheaply made foreign articles. Thus the political probabilities are that our extravagantly high tariff will go up rather than down. This probability is strengthened by recent trade figures. Thus in August there was actually an excess of imports over exports, an excess amounting to $24,000,000, the largest so-called "unfavorable balance of trade" for any month in seven years. This runs counter to the theories of those who supposed that a depreciated currency would swell our exports and restrict our imports; it is precisely the depreciation, paradoxically, that has probably caused the import excess, but it will be difficult to get Congress, when it meets, to believe this. The cure proposed will be the usual cure of higher and higher tariffs, so choking international trade even more. Congress will then be astonished because there are still no markets for farm products.

FIGHTING FIRE with fire is dangerous technique, but sometimes there is no alternative, and in creating his new "fatherland front" Chancellor Dollfuss has not only added to his personal prestige but probably extended the life of Austria as an independent nation. It is not worth while to argue whether Dollfuss's new Cabinet is merely an old-fashioned dictatorship or constructed on the newer model which we call fascism. It should be remembered that in Italy and Germany fascism displays two characteristic aspects: (1) in the political field parliamentary government is abolished and in the industrial realm capitalism is subjected to the control of the state; (2) freedom of the press and of personal liberty is restricted and a narrow nationalism is encouraged which leads to religious and racial persecution. Chancellor Dollfuss's declaration that he is establishing a "corporative state under authoritarian leadership" corresponds perfectly to the first characteristic of fascism. The other aspect, although not yet prominent, may appear all too soon. Imprisonment of Nazi propagandists is quite in line with Austrian fascism, for it should be recalled that nationalism is the controlling philosophy of fascism wherever it has appeared. The Dollfuss Cabinet, backed now by the Heimwehr—Austria's organized war veterans—must as a matter of policy oppose German encroachment, but how long it can withstand compromise or surrender is another question. Some 25 per cent of the electorate is believed to be Nazi in its sympathies, and the desperate economic plight of the country is increasing the demand for change.

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The Slipping Dollar

IN the last few weeks the Administration has obviously been trying to discourage talk of inflation, and has been distinctly cold toward the specific inflationary proposals laid before it by farmers' organizations and various members of Congress. Yet the dollar has been slowly slipping downward on the foreign-exchange markets to new low levels, and has already fallen to a discount of more than 35 per cent from its gold parity. When one considers not merely the public attitude of the Administration, but the fact that we are now at the period of the year when the foreign-trade balance is normally most in our favor, this renewed decline of the dollar seems particularly paradoxical.

Yet the explanations for it are not obscure. They are implicit both in the economic and in the political situation. It is obvious, to begin with, that the political pressure for inflation has been steadily growing. This pressure comes mainly from the agricultural sections, and the Senators and others who are acting as spokesmen for them are becoming constantly more belligerent. The chairman of the Democratic State Committee of South Carolina declares that unless the Administration resorts to inflation "the farmers are going to change the form of government." Senator Thomas announces that he has received more than a hundred telegrams in reply to his message asking the attitude of members of Congress on inflation and that only 5 per cent have reported themselves opposed to it. Representative Rankin of Mississippi predicts that if the Administration does not use its powers to inflate, Congress itself will make inflation mandatory at the next session. And what most of these men want is the most dangerous and least controllable kind of inflation—the direct printing of fiat money.

Moreover, regardless of the opinions that Administration officials may directly express or hold, they are obviously building up a situation that may soon make inflation inevitable. This is not merely because of the huge direct expenditures which the government is making, but because of the indirect expenditures both actual and contemplated. The chief of these are those through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which is planning to make what will be in effect if not in form direct loans to private industry. Nearly all of these loans are likely to be of a kind that private institutions would refuse to make, and obviously a very large proportion of them will never be repaid. The policy of lending public funds to private profit-makers—or should one say private loss-makers?—is clearly unsound; it will be a mere continuation of the Hoover policies on a more reckless scale.

Finally, the silence of the Administration, its mere failure to announce its intentions regarding the dollar, its apparent willingness to follow a policy of drift, tend to promote a growing atmosphere of uncertainty and misgiving, a tendency for business everywhere to mark time, to be conducted from hand to mouth. The only solution is a return at the earliest possible moment to certainty and stability, which means, in more concrete terms, a return to gold convertibility, preferably in cooperation with Great Britain, at approximately the levels which the currencies of the two countries have already reached through depreciation.

Hands Off, Mr. Farley!

THE New York city primaries have recorded a sharp defeat for the Tammany leadership and for its conniving associate in exploitation, the Republican city machine, whose head for twenty-two years, Samuel S. Koenig, has been ousted as party boss. Consequently, further revolt has broken out in the Wigwam against the control whose malfeasance seems likely to doom the chieftains and lesser braves to an enforced absence of at least four years from the public trough. Concomitantly an effort is being made to "draft" Joseph V. McKee for Mayor on an independent Democratic anti-Tammany ticket or to force his substitution for the pathetic John P. O'Brien. This maneuver derives its momentum from its purported White House origin.

Its motives are to punish Bosses Curry and McCooey for their preconvention warfare against Mr. Roosevelt and their later opposition to Governor Lehman's candidacy, to incorporate Tammany as a smoothly functioning part of the national Democratic organization, and to prevent a local victory of candidates bearing, among others, the Republican designation. For this purpose that adept political manipulator, Postmaster-General James A. Farley, came to New York armed supposedly with a sanction greater than that of the local sachems—namely, that of the Great White Father. Twenty-four hours later, however, the President's secretary, Stephen Early, issued a statement that the President would not interfere in any local political fight. It is scarcely conceivable that he would interfere in this one, at least in any way to impair the fusion movement. New York City has its first chance in twenty years to rid itself of the Tammany tiger. It has the opportunity to secure as its next Mayor as enlightened and practical an exponent of the New Deal as exists in public life. A "purified" Tammany, nominally headed by Mr. McKee—or some other stalking horse—and dominated by Boss Edward J. Flynn of the Bronx instead of by Bosses Curry and McCooey, would be changed in no vital respect. Mr. McKee, who in all his public life was a subservient and colorless Tammany henchman, achieved a brief spotlight vogue when as acting Mayor, after the departure of "Jimmy" Walker, he slashed a few parasites' salaries and eliminated a few automobiles used at the taxpayers' expense by Tammany officials. Even this procedure was sufficiently unprecedented to create a popular movement for his candidacy for the mayoralty. Confronted with the absence of choice offered them between the candidacies of Surrogate John P. O'Brien and the Republican nonentity, Lewis H. Pounds, some quarter of a million voters registered their indignation by writing in Mr. McKee's name on the ballot.

Mr. McKee's political record scarcely deserved this tribute. He showed no further interest in helping to clean house and, at a time when his services in straightening out the city's finances were needed, if he had the ability his supporters ascribed to him, he retired to a lucrative position as president of a title-guarantee company—where his Tammany connections would be helpful.

The current assumption is that with Mr. McKee as window dressing for the ticket, Tammany might be saved

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and LaGuardia defeated. Or that Mr. McKee could win on a third ticket. Such a betrayal of the New York electorate in its uphill effort to secure honest and decent government should not, in *The Nation's* judgment, have the support even of a Cabinet member. Mr. Farley would like to repay political grudges, and only their retainers would grieve over the downfall of the present Tammany bosses. But nothing herein would remotely benefit the citizens of New York. Their fight is to rid the metropolis of the political incubus which under any leader remains the same. This is not a party matter. It is a struggle to secure in municipal affairs the New Deal which the Administration is ostensibly seeking in national affairs. The very least that the people of New York have a right to expect of Washington is neutrality. Even if this machination is effected, with the open or tacit support of national Democratic leadership, it is far from certain that it will succeed. LaGuardia's record has made him the standard bearer and symbol of the fight against Tammany. The swelling tide seems likely to sweep him into office, no matter how the opposition seeks to split and undermine his support. The President should order his man Farley to keep his hands off New York City's forthcoming election.

War or Peace?

PROFESSOR Einstein's declaration that although he has been a pacifist and has counseled the youth of the world to resist enforced military service in peace or in war, he now can see how young men might enlist in an international army to combat Hitlerism has brought sorrow to multitudes. Yet it is idle to deny that in the face of the German situation many of the very people who ever since the war have defended Germany from the folly of the French post-war policies are now saying: "Thank God for the French army!" Hitler is putting pacifists, among others, to an extremely severe test, not merely because he is brutally arresting and imprisoning without trial German pacifists for no reason at all save that they favor a world order without mass murder, but also because there is no question that Hitler is challenging democracy everywhere, that the German propaganda is certain to be effective and dangerous, and that the former Allies are faced with the most difficult problem that has ever confronted them—whether to move against Germany now or to allow Hitler to organize a more efficient nation in arms than the world has yet seen.

As a result, the outlook for disarmament is drearier than ever. Ambassador Gibson, during his recent stay here, was quoted as saying that something positive and worth while would be accomplished at Geneva this fall. He felt that all the logic of the situation, together with the growing deficits in various countries, would compel union upon some degree of disarmament. But Hitler has worked against him. If the German dictatorship has had the good effect of bringing together old enemies—of aiding a rapprochement between Poland and Russia, Hungary and the Little Entente, France and Russia, and even Italy and Jugoslavia—the arming of Germany in defiance of the Treaty of Versailles has apparently wrecked American and British hopes of accomplishing something worth while. Again the wings of war are over Europe, and it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that if Hitler continues unchecked in his mad career, the gravity of the situation will hourly increase.

What, then, shall be the attitude of those whose opposition to force remains unshaken? Shall they renounce their beliefs under the stress of the barbarity in Germany and the criminality of Japan in Manchuria? Shall they accept the philosophy of those nations that this world is but a jungle of wild beasts and that the only hope of safety lies in being armed to the fullest extent and imposing one's will upon whoever can be subjugated to a Nordic, or Japanese, imperial destiny? We think not. If the world has no alternative save to embrace complete militarism, then is humanity doomed indeed. The picture of a world in which vast multitudes are subjected to the will of a few overmastering despots is revolting to every free man. But any attempt by the rest of the world to meet that menace with armed force can only result in an unheard-of cataclysm. Our present difficulties are largely the heritage of the last war. Another, greater conflict could only multiply tenfold the injustice and misery which now oppress us.

What then? Shall peaceful nations allow Japan and Germany to wreak their will upon their neighbors unhampered? Can there be no effective protest; are there no preventive measures which might head off the catastrophe? The answer lies in the perfection of international organization, the mobilization of world opinion, the use of the boycott, and the continuance of the protests of those who know the futility of force. How can anyone in his sane senses, after the horrible futility of the World War, believe that war can produce anything but evil or fail to recognize that it rights no wrongs and rarely, if ever, settles any question aright? This is not the hour to fling our beliefs overboard, to discard for all time the Prince of Peace and his noblest teachings; it is the time to insist upon finding other ways than wholesale murder to bring outlaw nations to book.

That there are other methods than war admits of no question. There is non-intercourse; there is, we repeat, the boycott. We are well aware of the arguments against the latter; we cannot deny that it might make the innocent suffer with the guilty. But shall we embrace the alternative and join the dance of death? Or sit supinely by while madmen plan the killing of millions? Or merely ignore it all, fancying ourselves safe, even if the rest of the world should explode? The difficulties, to be sure, are enormous. The League of Nations has thus far failed the world. The United States seems determined to live to itself alone so far as international affairs are concerned, and everywhere, except in the camps of the barbarians, there is lacking bold leadership; no one is willing to take risks for peace. The politicians are still at the helm and by their failure to grapple with the situation are endangering the stability of their own nations and jeopardizing the world. Economic disaster does not rouse them to concerted action. The menace of war finds them fighting over details of armaments and details of the supervision of armaments. They fail to see the other paths.

Perhaps the very spectacle and the dire threat of an armed Germany may compel united peaceful action sooner than now seems possible. If Hitler has already achieved what seemed to be the impossible by bringing together the

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Soviets and Poland and ending the strife between Rumania and Russia over Bessarabia, it may yet come to pass that the circle around Germany will be complete—a circle not of bayonets, but of united world opinion, isolating her until the dreadful cancer in her eats itself out.

The Bankers at Work

EVER since Congress adjourned, the bankers have been quietly at work in Washington. Shell-shocked by the events which culminated on March 3, scathingly rebuked in the inaugural by the President's reference to the flight of the money changers, the erstwhile kings of finance appeared for a brief interlude as repentant sinners, welcoming the sackcloth, ashes, and hair shirts of new remedial and restrictive legislation. Now they have got their second wind. They are now seeking, first, to wreck the Senate banking investigation; and, second, to sabotage the federal securities act. While the country's attention has been riveted on the NRA, the A. A. A., and the White House, representatives of the big banking and investment houses and their able attorneys have been slipping into Washington, buttonholing Congressmen, and pouring into their ears smooth and plausible arguments concerning the "necessity" of dropping the bank inquiry and of modifying the securities law. They pay little attention to the tory Republicans in Congress, for the reactionaries on Capitol Hill stand shoulder to shoulder with the bankers in any case. Lobbyists and spokesmen for the bankers are, instead, concentrating on the Democrats.

And they are meeting with unexpected success. They appeal to the party loyalty of the Democrats. Both the bank inquiry and the securities law are undermining the Roosevelt recovery program, they say. To continue what they call the muckraking of the Senate investigating committee, the lobbyists argue, will tend to destroy the public confidence which the Roosevelt Administration has built up. "This is no time to rock the boat!" Surely loyal Democrats would not think of taking part in any move that might upset business just as their own President is getting business back on its feet? The bankers approach the securities law from another angle. It is a good law, they say, which certainly was needed, but it needs touching up here and there. If Congress would only modify it in certain "minor" respects, would merely "redefine" certain unduly burdensome provisions, the bankers would no longer hesitate to extend the credit to industry which is so essential to the recovery program.

The bulk of the metropolitan press, which during the boom years fattened on security advertising, is playing its part—to date chiefly in the financial-comment columns—to bring back this vanished bonanza. The editorial columns may be counted on to urge these "sound" policies when Congress convenes.

It would be naive to suppose that the bankers are particularly solicitous for the political success of the Democratic Party or the Roosevelt Administration. They seek to avoid publicity for their practices and nothing else. They are willing to pay almost any price to have the Senate investigation choked off before it gets any farther. They do not want the public to know anything more about their ruthless methods and crooked performances. That is all that their talk of "confidence" amounts to; they want the public to continue to trust them while they continue to exploit the people by selling them dubious securities, by manipulating the security and commodity exchanges, by raking in exorbitant profits—for which the people must pay—on "inside deals," and by purchasing the good-will of high-placed politicians, industrialists, educators, and others to protect themselves from criticism and exposure. For the same reasons they oppose the securities act. This law, if it does nothing else, requires the bankers to deal honestly with buyers of the securities they have for sale. They are not permitted to conceal anything. Obviously such a law does not sit well with those who have lifted evasion in financial statements to a fine art. How are stocks and bonds to be sold if the promoters have to explain that such and such a bond is secured by property of questionable value or earning capacity, or that such and such a stock contains 50 per cent water? Publicity is the one thing that the bankers do not want. That is why their agents are so busy in Washington today while the public's attention is momentarily directed elsewhere.

The first concrete evidence that the financial fraternity is succeeding is found in a notice that the Senate investigating committee intends to wind up its hearings in October or November and to prepare its report before Congress meets in January. Ferdinand Pecora, the committee's counsel, has been ordered to plan his work accordingly. This order, if carried through, will mean that the banking inquiry is being deliberately suppressed before the facts of the banking situation and of the unloading of millions of dollars in now worthless securities can be dug up and made public. Mr. Pecora and his associates have barely scratched the surface. They have hardly touched the Morgan story and have not yet even had access to the books of many other houses and individual bankers. The investigators have been obstructed at virtually every turn by the sabotage of the bankers and the opposition of many other interests, particularly the utilities. In order to get the facts which the country must have to protect itself in the future against the dishonest and inefficient financial overlordship which has proved so disastrous, Mr. Pecora and his associates must be given a free hand and plenty of time in which to complete their gigantic task of examining the records and books of these bankers.

The investigation of last spring was carried through by the pressure of public opinion alone. Although a majority of the Senate committee was opposed to the investigation—only two of the seven members really wanted to see the inquiry go on, while a third Senator was more or less indifferent—the opposition did not dare to stop the proceedings at that time. Now, however, the opposition appears willing to take that chance. Now that the indignation attending the financial panic is subsiding slightly, the reactionary members of the committee seem to believe that they can quietly dispense with the hearings.

If the people of America think they can build a New Deal upon a rotten financial foundation, they will let the committee majority have its way. But if they want a clean sweep of crooked banking and an honest and thorough reorganization of the banking system, they will let the Senate know in no uncertain terms that sabotage by the bankers must stop, that the banking inquiry must go on, and that the securities act must not be touched—unless to stiffen it.

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Union Label for Pegasus

PEGASUS is about to be branded with the union label. Organization has begun among the writers and editors of the daily newspapers, at least, with good prospects of becoming extensive and powerful. Editorial employees of the three dailies of Cleveland grouped themselves in an association several weeks ago. Similar action has been taken in Philadelphia and Newark, and, best of all, editorial workers in New York—the hardest city in the country to organize—recently formed the Guild of Newspaper Men and Women.

The present attempt is not by any means the first to unionize editorial workers, but previous efforts have made no headway owing, on the one hand, to ruthless hostility on the part of newspaper owners and, on the other hand, to a lukewarm attitude toward the movement on the part of organized labor. Under the protection of the NRA it is now possible for journalists to organize safely and in the open, whereas previously newspaper owners have nipped organization in the bud by promptly decapitating the leaders, while the groups behind them, lacking support from already organized labor bodies, have very soon faded into oblivion.

Fifteen years ago organization in the editorial departments of American newspapers seemed to be on the way. Reporters and editors in Boston, receiving shameful pittances for turning out the newspapers of the nation's reputed intellectual hub, were caught in the upswing of war-time prices, and found the printers—whom unionization had put in a considerably better financial position—ready to help them. At that time the International Typographical Union claimed jurisdiction over the editorial as well as the composing rooms of the daily newspapers of the country, and the claim was recognized by the American Federation of Labor.

The Boston group organized under the I. T. U., and with the powerful backing of that body obtained large increases in pay. Naturally similar efforts were begun in other cities, but they were not equally successful. In New York, where there was bitter opposition among the publishers, a number of leaders were discharged before many of the editorial workers could even be approached. The campaign persisted, however, a union was effected secretly, and efforts at affiliation with the I. T. U. were begun. At once a difficulty appeared. The I. T. U. maintains a valuable but expensive insurance and pension system which makes an appeal to young printers entering a highly protected and well-paid trade. But to newspaper editorial workers of all ages, many of whom had already contracted for heavy insurance burdens, the protective scheme of the I. T. U. seemed to impose too heavy a financial load, especially as an entrance requirement of a new union not yet in a position to offer them any definite advance in pay.

An attempt was made by the new union in New York to get the I. T. U. to relinquish the insurance-pension requirements in regard to editorial workers. It failed, but the I. T. U.—never much interested in the unionization of the editorial rooms, although one wonders why—eventually relinquished jurisdiction over reporters and editors, except in the case of unions already chartered. Then the New York union applied to the American Federation of Labor for a federal charter. The federation refused—without giving a reason—to grant one, and the New York union collapsed. Meanwhile, following the example set in Boston, editorial unions in a number of other cities had been chartered by the I. T. U., but they did not flourish. Even the Boston union withered eventually, and we believe the only ones alive today are in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and Scranton, Pennsylvania, in both of which cities specially favorable conditions prevail.

We do not believe that the failure of editorial unions under the I. T. U. points to a similar collapse today. Editorial workers have ample protection for organization under the NRA, and do not need for the present to affiliate with any other union groups. Local associations probably will form a national federation, and if eventually this body finds it well to join with other labor organizations, it will be on its own terms.

The American Newspaper Publishers' Association, in the proposals recently submitted to the NRA, shamelessly attempted to avoid code protection for editorial workers on the ground that they were professional men and women. For some reason the publishers were willing to concede that persons receiving less than $35 a week might have code protection, although they failed to make plain what the earnings of a worker had to do with his professional status. If a professional man is one who in the main controls his work and his time and imposes fees instead of taking wages, a reporter or an editor is not one. The modern newspaper is controlled by the business office, and both the character of the editorial employee's work and his working hours are rigidly dictated by ownership. The American journalist is a wage worker, and for the most part a worker at a pitifully inadequate wage to boot. That he has failed hitherto to identify himself with the wage-earning class is due to a false sense of superiority and the fact that the average newspaper writer is a strong individualist, accustomed to watching the parade rather than taking part in it. He regards himself more as an artist than a professional man, but even so the notable success of the Actors' Equity Association should teach him what unionization may accomplish.

In their opposition to editorial unionization newspaper owners have raised the possible danger thereby to a "free press." When newspaper owners talk about that, their employees have to adjourn to the nearest speakeasy and choke their laughter with practically whatever per cent of alcohol they can get. There has been hardly a vestige of a free press in America for fifty years. Newspapers are controlled, on the one hand, by advertisers and bankers and, on the other, by a hundred and one racial, religious, political, and miscellaneous majorities and minorities in their reading public. It was Ed Howe, we believe, who once wrote that the only thing that an editor can safely abuse is the man-eating shark. There is no more immediate probability that editorial employees—who have learned through harsh experience to keep their opinions in leash—will dictate newspaper policies than that mechanical workers will do so. But if we thought otherwise, we should welcome the possibility as a hope, not a danger. For if there is any prospect of the rise of even a measurably free press, it lies in the control of newspapers by the craft which makes them.

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Issues and Men

The Idealist Comes to the Front

WE have been witnessing in the United States not merely a financial debacle but the complete rout of the practical men. Indeed, the practical man has been under an increasing cloud ever since the first of August, 1914. How were not the visionaries, the idealists, and the pacifists formerly derided! Every time a reformer advanced some new plan for the improvement of the lot of the masses or for better human relations, he was sneered at, charged with being a closet philosopher, a mere theoretician wandering into fields of which he was totally ignorant. An idealist was one so remote from the workaday world as to make his suggestions impracticable and not worth consideration. It made no difference that through the ages the visionaries and idealists have been scorned only to have the world turn around sooner or later and accept their programs. Perhaps a majority of my readers have heard the quip that a conservative is one who worships dead radicals.

I have been moved to these thoughts by reading the outpourings of some of the reactionaries who are up in arms at the Roosevelt Brain Trust, and constantly dwelling upon the fact that its members are men drawn from colleges, who are absolutely unfamiliar, so far as practical experience goes, with some of the fields of business activity which they are engaged in regulating. Well, there may be some justice in that criticism. I know, for example, one liberal-minded and clean-handed banker who tells me that the Securities Act makes impossible legitimate sale of honest securities. To this I can only reply that if the practical men who have floated securities in the past had not mismanaged their business and allowed some among them to rob and exploit the public, it would never have been necessary to call in the theoreticians. Not that I believe that *ipso facto* any college professor can come forward and outline a sound and workable policy for agriculture, or mining, or any other phase of our extraordinarily complicated and involved business life. Sometimes I think the task is getting beyond the wisdom of any single human being, or group of human beings. But it certainly does not lie in the mouths of the men who have got us into this mess to say that they alone should have the right to prescribe now the recovery measures which they failed to bring forth before Mr. Roosevelt, with the authority of Congress behind him, ordered American industry to reorganize.

Fortunately, the chorus of disapproval by the practical men is not unanimous. A letter by George Clarke Cox in *Barron's,* the financial weekly, asks, with reason, that the Roosevelt Administration clarify and announce its economic philosophy and not keep us in the dark concerning, for example, the matter of inflation, and in general the ultimate goals toward which it is aiming. In the course of this communication Mr. Cox, who is an investment counsel in Wall Street, writes that he is not of those who rejoiced over the dropping of Raymond Moley from the Brain Trust, and says: "The Brain Trust was a fine idea and one which the Democratic Party had too long neglected. These gentlemen are a highly competent lot, infinitely to be preferred to Congress both for ideas and plans; their resourceful chief in the White House has shown a listening power equaled by few . . ." I rejoice to find in commanding positions men like Donald Richberg, A. A. Berle, Jr., Rexford Tugwell, Harold Ickes, John Collier, and Leo Wolman, to say nothing of Frances Perkins, and near them liberal men and women like my old friend Frederick C. Howe, who has so long had to endure the slings and arrows of practical men.

It is really a wonderful revolution that has given "visionaries" of this type at least a partial chance to show what they can do. They may fail, as I have said. But isn't it mighty encouraging to have at the head of the Department of Labor a Frances Perkins whose mere presence there gives positive assurance that the department is really being managed in the interests of labor and not of the politicians, nor of the fortunes of the Administration to which she belongs? Think what the practical gentlemen of the Hoover Administration were doing to us, how they twisted statistics to serve their own purposes, misrepresented the actual conditions of the country, and governed the department in the most intolerant, narrow-minded, chauvinistic manner, and rejoice with me. Think back to James J. Davis, who is now, after a long delay, facing trial on a serious charge. He misused his office all the time that he was in it by taking advantage of his official position to obtain subscriptions for an undertaking of the Order of the Moose from which he received enormous commissions—sending out appeals for these subscriptions on his official stationery. Yet this man was acclaimed as a practical statesman who had nobly worked his way up from the ranks in the best American tradition.

Look over the world wherever you may, and the practical men are utterly at a loss. Just as they were not able to stop the war before it wrecked the world, so they have not been able to stop the depression, or to suggest ways out. They have no right to complain if their powers have fallen into other and idealistic hands. We can only be grateful that the United States has turned to college professors, to theoreticians, to closet philosophers. Let us uphold their hands so far as we possibly can, aiding them by advice and criticism and counsel in the measure that we may have it to give. Theirs is a terrific task. But at least we have the consolation that they cannot possibly make a worse mess of it than have the practical men, who were so certain that they alone knew how the country was to be run that if a college professor ventured to stick his head out of his study door and say, for example, that the power situation in the United States called for radical overhauling, they at once proceeded to seek his dismissal from his chair. I have an unholy glee in thinking that the supervision of the power industry has, in part, passed into the hands of the college-bred Brain Trust.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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Drifting into Militarism

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Washington, September 19

THE American people are drifting into militarism, which means, to put it bluntly, that America is drifting toward war. Militarism is defined in my dictionary as "a system emphasizing the military spirit and *the need of constant preparation for war.*" Government officials of whatever party have always been staunch advocates of preparedness. Every President in recent years has by word or deed thrown his support to what is euphemistically called "adequate national defense," although upon occasion he may have given lip-service to the cause of disarmament and peace. Calvin Coolidge expressed this cynical attitude in his Memorial Day speech at Gettysburg in 1928. At that time the Kellogg Pact negotiations were nearing successful conclusion. Every country in the world was being asked by Mr. Coolidge's Secretary of State to outlaw war forever and ever. Yet the President chose that very hour to go to Gettysburg and deliver a speech advocating a stronger navy and air force for the United States! Fortunately, official militarism has in the past been kept in check by the latent, deep-seated pacifism of most Americans. Now, alas, it appears that these barriers are breaking down—not without the active help of the present Administration in Washington.

It is probably still true that the average American does not want war. But it is becoming daily more evident that he wants his country prepared for war. One catches this note in talking with passers-by on the street, with workers in shops and offices, with farmers, teachers, students, politicians, newspapermen, and others. To begin with, as a result of the prolonged and disastrous depression the average man's sense of security has been shaken as never before. Unsure of himself, he inevitably seeks refuge in numbers, in the state; and so he wants to see his country strong and powerful. And the chauvinists, not only in the press, but in Congress and even in the White House, seize upon this moment to remind him that his neighbors are not to be trusted. That has been the burden of every Congressional debate on the war-debt question. It was the thought behind the executive order of September, 1930, virtually barring immigrant labor from the country. It finds expression in the clamor for higher tariffs and in the "Buy American" movement. During the late Presidential campaign many government officials supporting the Hoover Administration and Mr. Hoover himself baldly put upon Europe the responsibility for most of our economic ills. During the London Economic Conference the new occupants of the White House and State Department just as frankly declared in interviews with the press that the Europeans were trying to hoodwink us into giving something for nothing. It was the idea of giving Europe a "sock on the jaw" for the purpose of counteracting the designs of these foreigners, as Arthur Krock faithfully reported in the New York *Times* a few days later, that Mr. Roosevelt sent his arrogant message of July 3 to the London meeting. He felt, said the *Times* correspondent, that this course would find favor with the American public. The failure of the London conference, following upon universal predictions that if it failed the world was surely doomed, has likewise helped to persuade the average man that Americans must first of all watch out for and be prepared to defend their own interests.

Moreover, the average American reads almost daily in his newspaper about war preparations in other countries. He is told that "Poland's rapidly growing fear of war is destroying its school system. The last report of the Minister of Education indicates that 500,000 children of school age are now forced to go without any type of public instruction. . . . The schools have been sacrificed to the military budget." He learns that Belgium is rushing to completion a modern and elaborate system of fortifications; that France has been laying in war materials for several months past; and that even in republican Spain, where the liberals and pacifists seemed to have come into power after generations of reactionary rule, the government is busy strengthening fortifications, dredging naval harbors, and buying munitions, particularly long-range guns for defense of its coastline. Finally, all these developments are overshadowed by the ominous rise of militarism in Japan, the mad activities of the Hitlerites in Germany, the general war talk in Europe, and the failure of the disarmament conference to reach even a tentative agreement of any sort. Small wonder that the average American should be turning from his traditional anti-militarism.

The organized peace movement has suffered in consequence of this changing attitude. It has been hurt in other ways as well. The depression has reduced or cut off the normal financial support of many peace societies. The negative pacifism of these societies, which tend to pin their faith on treaties and conscientious objection, no longer has an appeal for many groups, particularly young workers. But the most serious blow dealt the peace movement has come from one of its former friends and journalistic supporters, Roy W. Howard.

On his return from a recent trip to Japan, where he had opportunity to observe the new militarism at first hand, Mr. Howard announced that he had come to the conclusion that America must have a big navy. In no other way, he said, could we convince the Japanese that we really want peace. He frankly demanded a "workable program, *even though it be erected on the ruins of a decade of progress toward world peace.*" The calamitous effect of this declaration can be understood only in the light of the fight for peace over the last several years of the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain. These influential metropolitan papers had always spoken out vigorously against militarism, chauvinism, and jingoism whenever these dared to raise their heads. They had stoutly opposed a big navy and just as strongly and successfully opposed the use of armed force to support imperialistic policies in Mexico, the Caribbean area, and the Far East. When, six or seven years ago, the bungling diplomacy of the State Department seemed to be leading to another American invasion of Mexico, the Scripps-Howard papers conducted a country-wide referendum to determine

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whether public opinion would support such action. The response was an overwhelming negative. The State Department promptly discovered that a diplomatic adjustment of the oil controversy was possible after all. If the militarists were not aware of it, the State Department (as well as most foreign offices abroad) was fully conscious of the tremendous influence of the Scripps-Howard press. In a single public statement Roy Howard has now destroyed this great prestige and power. And the American peace movement has been deprived of the only support it could consistently depend upon among the daily newspapers.

Mr. Roosevelt probably needed no great urging to follow the course he has chosen. As Assistant Secretary of the Navy two decades ago, he was an unashamed chauvinist. In his public utterances since then he has shown that he has not materially altered his views. Yet the task of his Administration has no doubt been lightened by the knowledge that the American people are now ready to accept what the militarists would consider an "adequate" defense program. Hence it is not surprising to find the Roosevelt Administration launching what is—with one exception—the biggest and most expensive peace-time preparedness program in the country's history. The exception was the 1916 naval building program, but it must be remembered that in 1916 Europe was in flames and America was getting ready to jump into the fire. It is worth noting also that the same Franklin D. Roosevelt took the lead in 1916 in persuading Congress and the country that we should have a navy "second to none."

Counting all the various contributory items, which have been divided into several categories, such as "public works" and the like, and so do not appear in a single military or naval budget, the government is this year spending approximately a billion dollars on the army and navy. The former, though it has been and remains a more or less neglected stepbrother of the fleet, has not been slighted. Last spring there was much talk of reducing officer personnel and making other changes in the military establishment for the sake of economy. A few unimportant economies were effected, but on the whole the War Department has today just as much money to spend as it has ever had except in time of actual war. While the federal government remains niggardly in the matter of direct relief to the unemployed, the army manages to get funds for new buildings, for bombardment planes described as "the most powerful weapon produced by any nation since the World War," and for gas bombs which with the help of time-fuses may let loose their deadly fumes upon noncombatant communities hours or even days after they have been dropped by passing airplanes. The thousands upon thousands of families who are without adequate shelter are getting relatively little help from the government. Yet the Administration does not hesitate to spend many millions of dollars on semi-military "conservation" camps in which jobless men *of fighting age* are being "kept fit." Fit for what? it might be asked. Here in the national capital the public-school budget is being cut down in the name of economy. But somehow the government can put its hands on enough money to build in the same city a new and wholly unnecessary armory and to make extensive improvements at the local navy yard.

It is the navy, however, that is getting chief attention, not only because it is the President's first love but also because it is the country's first line of defense (to quote the militarists). Mr. Roosevelt began by giving his blessing to the elaborate construction program for which the admirals had been agitating for years. Even Presidents Coolidge and Hoover thought these plans too extravagant to be worth considering. President Roosevelt, however, did not hesitate to approve the expenditure of something more than a quarter of a billion dollars on new fighting ships on the specious pretense that it would help the unemployed. The armor-plate trust is more likely to be the principal beneficiary. At least it has shown in the past that it knows how to wring fat profits out of navy contracts, and we are justified in suspecting that it will do so again, especially since Mr. Roosevelt, in the face of the notorious record of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation and other companies, flatly refused to consider Senator Trammell's sensational charge that these companies had virtually entered into a conspiracy to get the new navy work on their own terms.

No less significant was the appointment of Senator Swanson as Secretary of the Navy. He is even more popular with the naval officers than was his predecessor, although Secretary Adams, it will be remembered, went so far as to quarrel publicly with President Hoover on the big-navy issue in order to curry favor with the admirals. Secretary Swanson attended the Geneva Disarmament Conference last year and came away with the unshakable conviction that the other naval Powers are actively preparing for war and that therefore it behooves the United States to get ready also. His attitude would be relatively insignificant if it were not for the change in public sentiment and the high place he holds in the regard of the White House.

It may not be entirely accurate to say that the Roosevelt-Swanson program started the new British-American-Japanese naval race. The British Admiralty as long ago as last February indicated to a delegation of shipbuilders that it intended soon to launch a new construction program. At about the same time Hector Bywater, the naval expert of the London *Daily Telegraph,* who keeps in close touch with the Admiralty, declared that "what the United States may do is her own affair," but "unless present indications are utterly misleading, Britain intends in the near future to reassert and reestablish herself on the high seas." Yet the fact remains that the Roosevelt Administration actually made the first concrete move. The Japanese immediately took alarm. They shifted the emphasis of their own program from the army problem in Manchuria to the naval problem in the Pacific. They decided that they must build more ships to meet the Roosevelt challenge. And so they set up the largest military and naval budget in their history. This has not satisfied the Japanese patriots and they are clamoring for still more ships. The British have not been far behind. They too have increased their naval budget, but in England as well the patriots are restive. The British admirals and an influential section of the London press are loudly demanding that the government hasten to meet American and Japanese competition. The Admiralty has replied by announcing plans for the building of a fleet of small armed sloops that through various technicalities would not come within the provisions of either the Washington or the London naval treaty. (So much for the contention of Swanson and others that the new naval construction is legitimate because it will be kept within treaty limits. There are many ways of getting around even the most rigid treaty restrictions.)

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One would imagine that Messrs. Roosevelt and Swanson would take cognizance of the hornets' nest they have stirred up and attempt to allay Japanese and British suspicions by modifying their own program. The Administration has instead suggested that it may enlarge its plans because of these very suspicions! For example, when Secretary Swanson was informed of Japan's new building program, he was quick to indicate that he was considering still further expansion of the American fleet in line with his policy of "a navy second to none."

It is difficult to measure the part that propaganda has played in the development of this militaristic spirit. Many propaganda agencies are at work—the American Legion, the Navy League, the D. A. R., the National Civic Federation, the Reserve Officers' Association, the American Federation of Labor, and numerous others. But the worst of the lot is the munitions industry—a force in American life that cannot possibly be ignored in any discussion of this subject. Despite the revelations in the Shearer case, for instance, the very same interests that hired Shearer to wreck the 1927 disarmament conference at Geneva obtained some of the choicest contracts under the new naval program. While we have abundant evidence that the munitions industry has been exceedingly active, we have no way of measuring the exact extent of its operations. Moreover, not a single official in the government dares to bring the munitions industry into court. Some months ago *The Nation* urged a Congressional inquiry into its propaganda methods and financial and political connections. Peace workers in Washington went to Congressmen who had supported the peace movement in the past and asked them to introduce a resolution calling for such an investigation. They received no response whatever. In fact, a prominent Senator, widely respected for his courage in defending minority causes, frankly said he would not father the resolution, for it would mean political suicide. He added that "there is not a single member in either house of Congress who has the courage to tackle the munitions industry!"

It would be more than foolhardy for those who still believe in peace to close their eyes to the ominous significance of the fact that the munitions industry and the big-navy crowd are firmly in the saddle in Washington.

Consumers and the Codes

By JAMES PETER WARBASSE

SCARCITY is necessary to make our economic system workable. Still, the good of the consumer demands plenty. This conflict of interests is seen in the framing of the codes offered to the NRA. These codes give special consideration to the question of making business profitable and providing labor with adequate wages. The two advisory bodies in the NRA most zealous for these ends are the Industrial Board and the Labor Board. The Consumers' Board stands apart because it is the representative of interests not entirely the same as those of the other two.

When the good of industry and of labor is under consideration, some matters of consumers' concern are injected. Thus when the code of the braiding and wire-covering industry referred to selling "below normal cost plus a reasonable profit," the Consumers' Board suggested that the words "reasonable profit" be clarified. The board has recommended to the recovery administration in many cases that the codes be so written as to "protect consumers against harmful price policies." Attention is sometimes called to the lack of provision in a code for the protection of the consumer from unsanitary conditions of industry. To prevent monopolistic price-fixing the Consumers' Board has on occasion suggested the desirability of establishing a Code Authority to protect the consumer against unfair trade practices.

There are items such as these in all codes, but there are still bigger matters that concern the consumers. The consumers are interested in easy access to commodities. That means low prices. But if low prices make good wages impossible, then prices cannot be lowered. Nor may the consumers touch the sensitive nerve of profits with anything but a gentle hand. In framing codes, the general assumption prevails that in good profits and good wages the consumers are served as beneficiaries of these two provisions.

When we come to the organized consumers, the case is different. Codes are coming along containing provisions that are directly inimical to definite consumers' interests. The oil code may be taken as an example. As this code was presented by the oil industry, it contained an article providing that no rebates might be paid to purchasers of petroleum products. This looked innocent enough, but it was a serious matter for the 1,500 cooperative oil societies in this country.

These societies are incorporated under the cooperative law of their respective States. They are run for service and not for profit, but they supply their products to their members at the current retail price. That means that they accumulate in their treasuries the difference between the net cost and the selling price. This difference they return to their members in proportion to the members' patronage. The oil code prohibited this return. Cooperative societies have learned by long experience that the savings-return, or "dividend" as the English call it, is essential to success. There are many reasons. This surplus-saving makes possible expansion, and general welfare work for the members. The alternative is selling at cost; but to this there are two obvious objections. One is that cost cannot be determined at the moment of sale. The second is that selling at cost creates hostility on the part of competing business.

Upon representation from the farmers' groups that this provision would damage or destroy their oil societies, the code was modified to exempt from this provision all associations "membership in which is restricted to persons whose chief source of livelihood is farming." The farmer cannot be flouted in Washington. But while most of the oil cooperatives are among the farmers, still each one of them has members who do not come within the provisions of the code. The farmers have never excluded the local blacksmith, the carpenter, the school teacher, the minister, or any of their neighbors who wanted to join. Furthermore, many farmers

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cannot say that their chief source of livelihood is farming. The farmers object to the article that seems to give them preference. Leaders of the Farm Bureau, the Farmers' Union, and the Grange have gone on record as desiring no exemption for their groups exclusively, but as wishing that all consumers be treated alike. They desire the expansion of cooperative oil-distributing societies among all classes of consumers.

It happens that neither the big oil companies nor the independents are friendly to the efforts of consumers to organize for supplying themselves with petroleum products. In the code hearings and committee meetings they spoke of the cooperatives as being "outside of the oil industry." One oil man made the statement that the cooperative oil societies had put out of business over a hundred of his oil stations in Minnesota and Wisconsin. "They are destroying the oil industry." An editorial in a recent number of the *National Petroleum News* (August 7, 1933) discusses cooperation as a sort of racket. It says: "Co-ops, in one sense, are just another form of stock company, but in so many cases they are simply rackets, living on the fact that they cut the price of a product or appear to cut that price." The editorial is rich in misrepresentation. In connection with the oil-code hearings, an official indicated that he thought the cooperatives were connected with the notorious Shapiro, who was never interested in cooperation, was opposed to consumers' organizations, and promoted spurious marketing associations which failed.

It came out in these hearings that many millions of dollars had been lost by people who had invested money in capitalist oil industries and that many employees had lost their jobs. It was interesting to have brought out the contrasting information that the cooperative oil companies had not lost their investors' money. These societies are sound business enterprises.

A federation of 600 cooperative oil societies sent a representative to the oil hearings. Their figures are instructive. The total volume of purchases of these 600 societies for 1932 amounted to 15,000 tank cars of gasoline and kerosene, or over 120,000,000 gallons of refined oils; 3,500,000 gallons of lubricating oils; and around 1,500 tons of greases. Their capital investment totals $6,000,000. This is in blending and compounding plants, storage tanks, and operating equipment. They have 3,000 employees. None of the oil societies in this group has failed during the past four years. Their total number of employees is larger than in 1929. They have supplied some 500,000 farmers with petroleum products of the best quality at the lowest prices, and then given back to them over $2,000,000 in cash savings-returns. This has averaged about 15 per cent on purchases. But on capital investment it represents a return of more than 25 per cent.

The preceding figures may be multiplied by two and a half to give approximately the figures of the 1,500 societies in the United States. These societies are now increasing at the rate of about two new societies a week. They have effected a national federation. They have a project for their own refinery under consideration. When they own their own oil wells they will be close to a position in which they can eliminate the profit motive from trade in this commodity.

These societies are conducted on Rochdale principles. The members elect a board of directors which is charged with the duty of appointing employees to administer the business. They have made nobody rich and nobody poor. The question arises: Who is destroying the oil industry? Which kind of business was it that increased the number of unemployed on the streets? Which made the biggest contribution to the conditions that precipitated the crash? Which made necessary the NRA? The tendency of the cooperative oil societies is not to compete with one another. Such rare instances of competition as now exist should disappear as their federation is perfected. In the profit industry there is an expensive form of competition. It is not keeping prices down; it adds to the costs of automobiling. In 1932 the petroleum industries sold 15,000,000,000 gallons of gasoline for 25,000,000 automobiles. The cost from tank car to consumer is seven cents a gallon. That is a profit of $1,000,000,000 at that stage. It does not include transportation costs from refinery to bulk stations. One-half the number of filling stations would suffice. If the cooperative method prevailed, there would be one-half the number. That would save $500,000,000, or $20 per automobile in the United States.

Compared with the total oil business, these cooperatives are small. But they are significant. The same problems will arise in connection with the other codes. They are about to arise in the retail grocers' code. They are threatened in the bakers' code. The restaurant code has come in conflict with the cooperative societies conducting restaurants. The restaurant code as it was presented to the NRA provided for a fifty-four-hour week for men workers, and a forty-eight-hour week for women, a minimum wage of $12 for men and $10 for women, and 28 cents an hour for part-time labor. The Consumers' Cooperative Services of New York, with eight restaurants, has presented its protests to the NRA to the effect that it recommends as minimum standards a forty-eight-hour week for both men and women, a $15 wage for both, and 40 cents an hour as the minimum wage for part-time labor. In both cases it is understood that food worth $3 a week is added to the weekly pay. Will this be called an attack on the restaurant industry?

The codes of other industries will contain articles inimical to the cooperative organizations of the consumers. It is a difficult, if not futile, task to effect amendments to all of these. The consumers are now approaching the problem in their own way. Since other forms of industries frame codes that damage the cooperatives, the cooperatives have framed a code of their own. The Cooperative League, the national federation of consumers' cooperative societies, has adopted a code defining cooperative business. This code complies with the President's general code, and provides in every instance better conditions both for labor and for consumers than are provided for in any other code. It contains the following statement: "Nothing in this code shall in anywise encroach upon the rights or privileges of other industries, businesses, corporations, companies, or associations, and nothing contained in other codes adopted under the National Recovery Act shall abrogate or nullify any of the provisions of this code."

Out of this code-making is coming much valuable information. How much use the unorganized consumers will make of it is doubtful. Their natural tendency is to remain the forgotten legion.

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The New Germany

By RICHARD NEUBERGER

"VISIT the New Germany," the American tourist reads in the advertising columns of Paris editions of American newspapers. Embellished with photographs of picturesque scenery and stately cathedrals, the advertisements strive to persuade the tourist that Hitler's "new Germany" is virtually identical with the old Germany of charm and *Gemütlichkeit*. That the advertising often appears in issues which carry front-page accounts of Nazi violence has been harmful but, surprisingly, not fatal to the purpose of the costly displays. Despite a falling off in the tourist trade, foreigners return home frequently with tales of the peace and contentment that prevail under the Nazis. They stay at the Hotel —— in the larger cities and blandly report that "they saw no outrages," and pay tribute to the "new spirit" engendered by Hitler. Of this type is Mayor James M. Curley of Boston. It is more surprising, however, to find a supposed scholar like Dean Henry Wyman Holmes of the Harvard Graduate School of Education, who returned on September 10, reported by the Associated Press as saying: "I think the reports of Hitler's oppression of the Jews have been exaggerated. Some action may have been necessary"; "it is something Germany needed"; "Germany has regained self-respect." This noted educator, author *inter alia* of "The Path of Learning," arrived at these conclusions, he admits, in France and "from talking with people on the voyage home" (aboard the German liner Berlin), and *without visiting Germany*.

For a week in Paris I listened to tourists who described Hitler's Germany in rosy colors. On questioning, however, I found that they had visited only the places featured in the advertisements. Not one had strayed to a town off the beaten track. I determined to make a different sort of trip to the "new Germany," and visit the hamlets and villages of the Black Forest and the Rhine country, places where Americans are not expected. The officials at the border were courteous. On the main streets of the large tourist centers I too saw no violence. Then I left the tourist highway and headed for a little village in the hills west of the Neckar River. It was thirty kilometers from the railway. Only a twisting automobile road penetrated the hills and forests surrounding it. The inn, at which I was the only guest, was run by an old Catholic woman. She was easily led into conversation and told me how her little business had been ruined by the Nazis. It was not difficult to make a person of her political misfortunes my ally, and I persuaded her to introduce me to other victims in the little community.

In a ramshackle house near the outskirts of the hamlet I met a distraught old woman. Two nights before, a troop of brown-shirted Hitlerites had taken away her two sons, partly because they were Jews, partly because their political affiliations had been with the Social Democrats. "Say goodby to your mother, you may never see her again," ordered the Nazi leader. For forty-eight hours she had waited for word of her sons. They were her only kin. She had spent all of a small life-insurance policy educating one for law, the other for medicine.

It was not in my power to console this frantic gray-haired widow, but I tried to find some trace of her boys. The search did not last long. The next day the two young men, whose "crimes" had been their race and their belief in a government for the majority of the people, were sent home —in plain board coffins. The Nazis asserted that the boys had died of tuberculosis, though neither had been ill when taken from his home. Their mother was compelled to sign a paper agreeing not to open the coffins; the undertaker and the rabbi had to collaborate in this promise. "Otherwise," admonished the Nazi chief, "we will dispose of the bodies ourselves."

But in that village was a young Jewish doctor, a war veteran, and one of the few undaunted victims of the Hitler persecution whom I met. Despite Hitler's promise to exempt Jewish ex-soldiers from discrimination, the young man's entire practice had been taken from him by the burgomaster, and he had been beaten up at the local "Brown House." But he was unafraid. He said to me: "I'll open those coffins if you will help me to get out of the country." I promised. (Today he is somewhere in France.) That night, by candlelight, he opened the oblong boxes. Every major bone in both bodies was broken. The flesh was terribly lacerated; the boys had suffered horribly before they died.

The next afternoon the young men were buried in the Jewish cemetery. Over their coffins the old rabbi, his beard blowing in the summer breeze, spoke a few words of praise. For the offense of eulogizing the two dead boys, the rabbi was beaten at the local Nazi headquarters, and the local newspaper—a mere bulletin—which printed some of his words, was suppressed for three months. The mother was sent to a sanitarium by the young physician, her mind clouded by the catastrophe. Thus was I introduced to the "new Germany," the Germany advertised as "less expensive, but otherwise unchanged."

After that I was better prepared for what I saw and heard. I saw new mounds in virtually every Jewish cemetery, marking the resting places of victims of "Nazi tuberculosis." Still hoping they can fool their own citizens and the rest of the world, the Hitlerites camouflage their murders. The victim either "committed suicide," "was shot while trying to escape," or "died from tuberculosis." Announcements are printed in the newspapers accordingly. Always the bereaved families are compelled to promise that they will not open the coffin.

Before I left that little town I met the families of two Jewish girls, both of whom had been smuggled across the border to a hospital in Switzerland. Their parents spoke in whispers of a night when the Nazis had come for the girls. They had been stripped and beaten and made to dance naked before their tormentors. Under the threat of death to themselves and their families, they had been compelled to accept the advances of their captors. The girls were only eighteen. In the morning their families found them, bleeding and senseless, in a meadow near the Brown House.

I put that town behind me like a bad dream. But it

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proved to be not exceptional. From there I went to Neckargemünd, a small community near the Neckar River.* I arrived on a Saturday afternoon, the Jewish Sabbath. At the home of the rabbi I found a portion of his small congregation. The hands of the men were swathed in bandages; the women were sobbing and crying. The rabbi told their story. During the services the Nazis had broken into the synagogue. They had thrown the Torah and other implements of the church into the street. The women they had ordered to clean the town hall, with the command, "It's about time you dirty Jews were doing some work." While the Jewish mothers and daughters scrubbed the floors on their hands and knees, the storm troopers stood over them and beat them with whips. The men underwent worse torture. At gun point they were lined up before the synagogue. Red flags, supposedly symbols of communism, were placed in their hands and set afire by the Hitler troopers. The flags burned down to their hands, but the men were not permitted to drop them until their fingers and knuckles were seared. One old man whose trembling hands dropped the burning rags was shot through the shoulder.

I stayed three days with those forlorn people. At night they sat in total darkness, trembling lest the Nazis come and inflict further punishment. By day they stayed in their homes, afraid to venture on the streets. Slowly they watched their savings dwindle, knowing the day would come when they would no longer have money to buy food.

Next I went to Heidelberg. Surely, I thought, that citadel of German culture, the site of the famous university, could not be the scene of such brutalities as we had witnessed in the Neckar country. The train was crowded with Brown Shirt troopers. The streets were dense with men in uniform. Every building flew the swastika flag. Even on the street cars Nazi banners fluttered. The occasion was the appearance that night of Dr. Alfred Rosenberg. Britain had given him an icy reception, but he was a hero in Heidelberg. A vast throng jammed the amphitheater of the historic castle to hear him. Its howls of approval as he denounced democracy and urged purification of the Aryan race echoed along the cliffs below the ancient walls.

The next day I visited the university. The first thing apparent was that Heidelberg had gone "football" in a big way. All incentives to culture, intelligence, and independent thought had been removed. The laboratories, where experiments had enabled Otto Warburg, expelled for being a Jew, to discover the difference between cancer cells and normal epithelial cells, were deserted. But the dueling ring was not. Before Hitler ascended to the chancellorship dueling had been forbidden for several years at Heidelberg. Now it is the rage. Youths with fresh scars on their faces, court-plaster on their cheeks, and swastikas on their arms have replaced the thinkers and scientists to whom Heidelberg owes its reputation.

I also noted the paradox of the one new building at Heidelberg—the Robert Schurman lecture hall. It was built largely through the generosity of American Jews, but Jewish professors may not mount its rostrum. On the bronze plate which lists the donors are the names of such prominent American Jews as William Fox, Julius Rosenwald, Mortimer Schiff, Adolph Zukor, and Samuel Sachs. Also included is the name of William H. Woodin, Secretary of the Treasury. I wanted a photograph of the plate and opened my kodak. Uniformed attendants wearing swastikas came running. "Kein Bild, kein Bild!" they cried. I was hustled from the building. A young Nazi with a bayonet at his side and a revolver in his belt forbade my reentrance.

In Heidelberg I talked with many brilliant scholars, most of them non-Jews. They deplored the havoc Hitler has wrought in the university and confided the fear that the once great school was ruined forever as a center of culture. One old man, a Socialist and liberal, raised his voice louder than the rest. For forty-four years an instructor, he had been dismissed summarily for his political views. "America must help us," he said. "This is not alone a fight of the Jews. It is the battle of everyone who believes in democracy and freedom. You will do a great service if you carry this message to the liberal and fearless men in your Congress." The old man continued to talk freely on the cause of democracy all the time I was in Heidelberg. When I left there I promised to help him obtain a visa for America. But it was not necessary. Three days later the Nazis invaded the old professor's home at night. In the morning his wife found him at the foot of the stairs, his skull crushed in.

From Heidelberg I turned again to smaller communities. Everywhere I saw evidence of cruelty, violence, and death. At Landau a Catholic merchant and his Jewish secretary, whom he had refused to discharge after five years' faithful service, were paraded through the streets. About the girl's neck was hung a sign, "I have been this man's Jewish prostitute for five years." In the same town three Jews and two non-Jewish Socialists were dragged from a cafe in the middle of the afternoon and beaten in an adjacent lot with whips of hose and steel cord. I saw their lacerated and torn backs. At Durkheim an old Jewish butcher from whom my friends occasionally purchased cold meat or sausage paid with his life for his refusal to obey a Nazi command to close his shop. One morning we found the store closed. The old man was in a hospital, bleeding from a score of wounds inflicted by clubs. His case was diagnosed on the chart as the result of a "fall downstairs." Three days later he died.

Hitler and his lieutenants must smile behind their hands when they watch tourists leave Germany with stories of the courtesy and fine manners of Nazi officials. In the August issue of the *National Geographic Magazine* Alicia O'Reardon Overbeck describes Freiburg as one of the most *gemütlich* cities of Germany because of the "friendliness of its people." In Baden Baden we met a score of refugees from this haven of peace and tranquillity. One of the refugees was a lawyer who had dared to say in public that the people should run the government. While he was away on a brief trip to plead a case, Nazis entered his home and sold at auction all his possessions—his law library, his files, valuable art treasures, his furniture. He and his son protested; the latter was fatally wounded and the father had to flee to avoid arrest. He was at Baden Baden under an assumed name and with his appearance disguised. The others who had fled from Freiburg, the most *gemütlich* of cities because of the "friendliness of its people," were Jews, several of them schoolboys burned on the legs and feet. Their Nazi schoolmates had forced them to run through a bonfire of burning books!

It is difficult to comprehend how any tourist with the

* In order to protect his informants the author has switched the names of the small towns mentioned in this article.—Editors The Nation.

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slightest knowledge of German can return from the Third Reich with praise for the Hitler dictatorship. Hitler's "Mein Kampf," approximately 800 pages of the Chancellor's egotism and hatred, is on sale at all bookshops, available to visitors and citizens. Listen to this brief excerpt from its pages:

> If the Jew wins . . . his crown of victory is the death wreath of humanity, and this planet will again, as it did ages ago, float through the ether, bereft of man. . . . While I defend myself against the Jews, I fight for the work of the Lord.
>
> The black-haired Jewish youth lies for hours in ambush, a devilish joy on his face, for the unsuspecting girl whom he pollutes with his blood and steals from her own race. . . . By every means he strives to wreck the racial basis of the nation . . . he deliberately befouls women and girls . . . it was and is the Jew who brought Negroes to the Rhine, brought them with the . . . intent to destroy the white race . . . by continual bastardization, to hurl it from the . . . heights it has reached . . . he deliberately seeks to lower the race level by corruption of the individual.

It is this book which has filled the vacancies left on the library shelves by the destruction of volumes by Heine, Thomas Mann, Remarque, Feuchtwanger, Einstein, Sinclair, and London. The Chancellor's unrelenting fanaticism is reflected in the cruelty of his followers. Not once in the score of small communities we visited did we see a Nazi show mercy or understanding toward the objects of his hate. Even small children are victims of the brutality. We saw one little Jewish girl come from school with a great welt on her forehead. Between sobs she told her mother that the son of a Nazi had hurled an inkwell at her, and the teacher, a man in S. A. uniform, had commended the act.

Horrible as these systematic persecutions are, there is another equally ominous aspect to the "new Germany." It is Hitler's obvious intent to lead the country into war sooner or later. He is converting Germany into a fortress bristling with hate and martial fervor. The saber rattles more loudly than under the Hohenzollern. In the parks and public squares one hears military bands and the tread of marching feet. The Nazi troopers are armed with bayonets and revolvers. They have official permission to carry firearms, a privilege denied to those they persecute. The children also are active participants in martial revival. In the foothill districts of Bavaria and Württemberg we saw boys—none of them more than fifteen years old—parading in review with wooden spears on their shoulders, and children of six practicing the throwing of hand grenades, crawling on their stomachs as to a trench attack.

Despite the contention of Walter Lippmann or any other erudite authority that Hitler's May peace address was sincere and "the authentic voice of a great people," no one who looks behind the barrier of censorship and deceit in Germany can doubt that one of the major premises of the Nazi movement is intense preparation for a war of aggression. I wish those who were deluded by Hitler's peace speech before the Reichstag could have been with me one afternoon on the train between Frankfort and Munich and overheard a high officer in the Reichswehr talking to a friend:

"Yes, we're fooling the French and Poles all right. We're only supposed to have 100,000 men under arms according to the treaty, but we're training 250,000 new ones every three months. At my camp I command a squad of lawyers—the Chancellor now makes all new lawyers enter a training camp. Then we have the S. A. and the S. S. men and the Reichswehr. We'll have 2,000,000 in arms in another year, besides all the children we're teaching to fight for Germany. Then watch us conquer again."

It is the old story of "Deutschland Uber Alles" but under worse auspices than before. No ingenious means for inflaming and arousing the people has been overlooked. In cabarets I heard the music of the "new Germany." The masterpieces of Strauss and Wagner have been subordinated to the Nazi marching song and filthy ditties denouncing the Jews. I saw the official Nazi propaganda film, "S. A. Mann Brand." Its appeal was based largely on military enthusiasm. Communists were portrayed as brutes who spent their time shooting down little children or lolling in luxurious apartments with scantily clad women. The villain was a Semitic-looking merchant who discharged his employees for trivial reasons, but was made to atone for his deed when Hitler came into power. But the Nazis—ah, they were pictured as the very flower of German manhood. Sir Launcelot in search of the Holy Grail could have appeared no more noble and courageous than the stalwart Apollos who portrayed Herr Hitler's gentle disciples.

Daily publications fan the fire of hatred and bitterness. In Nürnberg a notorious Jew-baiter named Julius Streicher publishes *Der Stürmer,* a newspaper devoted entirely to anti-Semitic propaganda. Every Jew who achieves prominence, among them such Americans as Governor Lehman of New York and Samuel Untermyer, is denounced as a murderer and a criminal. Across the bottom of the paper each day is written in black inch-high type: "Die Juden sind unser Unglück!" (The Jews are our misfortune.) Frequent bulletins from Goebbels's office put more kindling on the funeral pyre of culture and tolerance.

Much else that I saw in the "new Germany" further substantiates the conclusion that those who believe in liberty are finished in Hitler's Reich. Jewish merchants, professional men, and humble workers and their families are facing slow starvation. Jewish children live in an atmosphere they cannot understand, in which they are persecuted by their schoolmates. Jewish families are afraid to venture on the streets; they have no protection, no rights. Jews are barred in many towns from the public swimming pools. Jewish athletes can belong to no sports clubs, which makes the German efforts to retain the 1936 Olympic Games in Berlin on the ground that there will be no discrimination, one more piece of hypocrisy. Socially and economically, as well as politically, the Jews have been ruined. Those who have not suffered physical violence are experiencing mental torture almost as severe.

The fate of those who sponsored the cause of the masses has been equally terrible. Labor-union officials, Socialists, and liberals have been murdered and their homes plundered. Under the guise of saving Germany from the Communists Hitler has crushed ruthlessly all "left" tendencies. He poses as the savior of the laboring man, but the staunchest advocates of workers' rights have suffered most at his hands. Thus we see the "new Germany" as a land in which a racial and religious minority has been sacrificed on the altar of political expediency and intolerance, in which democracy

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and civil rights have been abolished, from which culture and independent thought have been expelled, which is preparing its children to be cannon fodder on the battlefields of a future war.

But ruthless and relentless as Hitler and his lieutenants are, there is one weapon they fear. The Nazi mayor of a large German city told me his party dreaded economic pressure. At pistol point the storm troopers have forced their victims to deny all stories of atrocities in an attempt to lessen the indignation abroad. They realize a tight international boycott can kill even the monster they have created. A boycott which shuts out German merchandise, reduces the passenger lists of German liners, and keeps tourists out of Germany can soon write an end to the most gruesome chapter of modern history by dethroning Hitler and Hitlerism.

This is not alone the battle of the Jews—I saw intellectuals, liberals, pacifists, Social Democrats, almost as badly off. It is the fight of everyone who believes in personal liberty and civil rights, a fight for the principles on which America was founded. For that reason it is depressing on returning to the free and wholesome air of America to find such a concern as R. H. Macy and Company, chiefly owned and operated by Jews, purchasing merchandise in Germany—because it is cheaper. One of the store's principal owners is Jesse I. Straus, American Ambassador to France, who ardently voiced his belief in democratic ideals in an Independence Day address in Paris. Actions speak louder than words, however. The Strauses might better follow the example of their Christian competitor, Lord and Taylor, which recalled its buyers from Germany shortly after Hitler inaugurated his reign of terror, and regardless of price established the policy of not buying one pfennig's worth of Nazi goods.

The Hotel Debacle

By BARROW LYONS

VIRTUALLY two-thirds of New York City's 329 hotels are bankrupt. Either their mortgages have been foreclosed, or are about to be, or their management has passed into the hands of financial backers—mostly savings banks and insurance companies. This condition has resulted in the loss of tens of millions of dollars sunk in hotel financing by small investors seeking utmost security. The outlook for investors who still possess an equity in hotels is not brilliant. Few of the hostelries are more than half filled. The managers are taxing their imaginations to the limit to earn enough to pay interest on their mortgages, city and federal taxes, sinking-fund obligations, and other fixed charges. Some day, the managers believe, the hotels may earn enough to pay interest on bond issues that are widely held. The thought of earning a profit for stockholders is scarcely entertained. Yet there are some exceptions, such as the Hotel New Yorker and the Astor, which prove that even today hotels can earn money when unusual imagination and energy are displayed.

The desperate situation has led to unimaginative, cut-throat competition of the worst sort. Some of the hotels have runners at the important railway and steamship terminals to buttonhole customers. Rates have been reduced several times. Rooms at the Waldorf-Astoria, for instance, which were priced at $10 a day when the building opened in 1931, now go for $6. At the Roosevelt a single room with bath, formerly $6 a day, now rents at $3. Some second-rate hotels are charging only $1 a day.

With imagination and enterprise the Hotel New Yorker now brings newspapers for its guests from every important city in the United States by air mail, and furnishes the home-town papers free. The Park Central serves a seven-course dinner with free dancing and music for $1. Table d'hôte dinners which a few years ago cost $2 have been brought down to $1, and free room service for meals is provided in quite a number of the larger hotels. Many of the establishments which appeal to traveling men permit them to bring their "wives" without additional charge, and one of the newer large hotels is reputed to permit open prostitution.

This is the condition of an industry in which hundreds of thousands of small investors seeking the ultimate in investment security were induced by high-pressure methods to put their savings in boom days. Those who were too wise to gamble in the stock market, who thought that because savings banks were investing heavily in hotel mortgages the field was eminently safe and conservative, often blindly put all they had in hotel enterprises. In financing the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel $11,000,000 was raised through public subscription to securities glamorously labeled First Mortgage Leasehold 7 per cent Sinking Fund Gold Bonds. These have not paid one cent of interest, and those who hold them can hope for little. The bonds were sold in $1,000 and $500 denominations at a quotation of $103 on every $100 of face value, and they are now quoted on the New York Curb Exchange at around $12.

But it is not only the small investor who has lost heavily through hotel investment. Wealthy men as well engaged in what now seems like reckless casting away of wealth. Men who had been considered among the most astute investors, leaders in American finance, invested millions that have disappeared completely. Considering that big men plunged so heavily in the hotel building that preceded the crash, to whom can the small investor look for wisdom? All sanity seems to have been swept away, and those whose confidence has been shaken have been left doubting the entire system of investment. Nevertheless, the large investor today is in a better position than the small one. His high-priced lawyers may discover ways of obtaining what equities remain.

The story of the Waldorf-Astoria is worth reciting in some detail. It could hardly be called a story of downright chicanery, for unquestionably some of the "big" men who engaged in that operation thought it would succeed. Certainly, few of them would consciously lend their names to a gigantic swindle; but some elements in the deal seem hardly straightforward, and the results are virtually the same as if the investors had been swindled.

Despite the warning of leaders in the hotel industry that the field was being tremendously overdeveloped and

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that all inevitably must suffer, the Waldorf project was undertaken at a time when it was easy to get the public's money. The chief promoter was Louis J. Horowitz, chairman of the Thompson-Starrett Company, engineers and builders. Nine of the twenty-four directors of the Waldorf-Astoria Corporation also were members of the Thompson-Starrett directorate. It was because of the "rugged individualism" of these men that the enterprise was organized and ballyhooed to the skies. It was the Thompson-Starrett Company also that erected the Empire State Building on the site where the old Waldorf-Astoria, owned by the du Pont interests, once stood.

Also, it was Lucius Boomer, who ran the old Waldorf for the du Ponts, who was advertised as the guiding hotel genius behind the new venture. Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., president of General Motors Corporation, another du Pont enterprise, also was a member of the new hotel board. Other glittering names dazzled the public. General W. W. Atterbury, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, generally identified with Rockefeller interests, was on the board; also Robert Goelet, a heavy stockholder in New York Central, and even E. M. Beatty, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Finally, to give a touch of decorative genius and ultra-modernism, there was the name of Condé Nast.

Through its realty company, the New York State Realty and Terminal Company, the New York Central Railroad, which owned the land upon which the hotel was built, put up $10,000,000 toward the construction of the hotel; $11,000,000 was raised by public subscription (it should have been called donation) to leasehold bonds; and $7,100,000 was obtained from the bond underwriters as purchase price for 171,000 shares of common stock. The common stock was to have been sold later to the public, but it probably is still owned by the underwriters. The companies which put up their cash were Hayden, Stone and Company, Hornblower and Weeks, the Greenbaum Sons Securities Corporation, and Cassatt and Company. Charles Hayden, in addition to having a direct interest in the sale of the bonds, was also a director of the new hotel company and a member of the board of Thompson-Starrett.

According to the estimate of a leading firm of hotel accountants, the hotel, which contains 2,200 rooms, would bring an annual gross income of $11,007,500; but this estimate was based upon from 75 to 85 per cent occupancy, a high expectation even in the best of times. Today the hotel is not half occupied, rates have been reduced, and the gross income is less than half the expectancy. The balance sheet as of March 31, 1933, shows a loss in working capital over a twelve-month period of $2,194,888.

What makes the situation desperate for the bond-holders is the fact that the $300,000 a year ground rental to the New York Central is considerably in arrears. When the leasehold first-mortgage gold bonds were sold to the public, very little was said about what would happen if the lease payments were to fall into arrears. Much was said about the security of the bonds. In the newspaper advertisement appeared the following statement:

> The security of these bonds, in the opinion of counsel, will be a closed first mortgage on the leasehold covering the entire block . . . a modern forty-seven-story Waldorf-Astoria Hotel building to be erected thereon, and the furnishings and equipment thereof. When the mortgage securing the bonds is recorded, the term grant from the leasehold derived will be free of all liens and will not be affected by the liens upon the fee, and should any subsequent mortgage be placed upon either land or building, it will not affect the leasehold and the mortgage securing these bonds.

That sounds as if the building and equipment were the security for the bonds under all circumstances. The difficulty lies in a provision which makes it possible for the lessor to take possession of the property summarily, in case of default. Compare the statement with which the bonds were advertised with the lease, which investors might have seen if they had thought to look it up in the city Recorder's Office. It provides that in case of default in the payment of ground rental, building rental, or sinking-fund rental, the lessor, that is, the New York Central Railroad, working through its realty company, "shall have the right, and is hereby authorized to enter upon and take possession of the demised premises and every part thereof by summary proceedings or otherwise, as to the lessor shall seem advisable, without being liable to damages therefor, and take and have again the demised premises and every part thereof free, clear, and discharged of this lease and all the rights of the lessee hereunder."

If it were not for the forbearance of the New York Central, the bond-holders might already have been closed out. A reorganization plan has been under consideration for over a year, but only 87 per cent of the bond-holders have signified their willingness to accept it. The railway insists that this is not a large enough proportion—that substantially all must accept before the reorganization can become effective. The time for acceptance has been extended until December 26 of this year. A few months ago Bernard Breslauer, who held $2,000 worth of the bonds, thought he might protect his holding by effecting a foreclosure sale of the Waldorf, as the terms of the mortgage suggested; but the railroad company declared in court that if the foreclosure were pressed, it would avail itself of the recovery clause of the lease, and the bond-holders would be wiped out entirely. The suit was withdrawn.

The terms of the mortgage would seem to give the bond-holders the right to cause a foreclosure sale of the building in case of default of interest, whereas the lease gave the railroad company the right to seize the building and cancel the lease in case of default of rentals. It may be that this apparent conflict will have to be resolved in the courts. Possibly it is for that reason that the railroad company will not consent to the reorganization plan until substantially all the bond-holders have accepted it, and thereby given up their right to contest the matter in court; and perhaps that is the reason why some of the bond-holders still refuse their agreement to the plan. At any rate, the status of leasehold bonds has not been passed on in the courts, and is not clear. The more reliable brokers have never dealt in leasehold bonds and have considered them poor security.

The Hotel Pierre furnishes another sad story of leasehold bonds. S. W. Straus and Company sold an issue of $6,500,000 to the public. This issue is virtually worthless today; but in the Pierre venture it was not only the small investor who was burned. Of the $9,750,000 put into the hotel by investors some of the "big" men lost $3,250,000 outright at an early stage. Most of them were among the

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guests and patrons of Charles Pierre, who ran a fine restaurant on lower Park Avenue. His patrons liked his cooking and decided to build a hotel for him. Among the big losers were Otto H. Kahn, Charles H. Sabin, Walter P. Chrysler, Vincent Bendix, and Herbert L. Pratt.

In the reorganization some of the small bond-holders thought they were not treated fairly. Led by the Reverend Dr. John Elmer Heindel, pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of the Redeemer of Jersey City, more than a thousand of the little fellows who had bought the Straus bonds appeared in the State Supreme Court before Justice Aaron J. Levy to protest. They were overruled. In all probability the Straus bond-holders will receive little and the hotel will revert principally to the Gerry Estates, Inc., the landlord. The Hotel Barbizon-Plaza provides another instance in which wealthy men's interests were wiped out in the reorganization. In this case Governor Herbert H. Lehman of New York lost heavily because of his unqualified confidence in the business judgment of Louis Abrons, the builder, president of the General Realty and Utilities Corporation, which provided $3,639,625 of the original capital.

One might go on indefinitely. The story in other large American cities is similar. The building contractor and the securities salesman seem chiefly responsible for the overbuilding. Both profited heavily, in most cases. The public is left holding an almost empty bag. The buildings will revert either to the owners of the land or to a new group of investors, usually big-business interests, who are able to buy in the properties for a song. The head of the mortgage department of one of the large savings banks gives the information that knowing investors are buying real estate briskly for the amount of the mortgages and back taxes.

It is now clear enough that our high finance has made a mess of the hotel business as it has of so much else. Savings-bank officials say there will be no building for at least three years more. The present debacle suggests that rigid regulation of the financing and erection of new hotels is as important to the hotel industry as wise control of construction and production is to every other major industry. It is estimated by Horwath and Horwath, hotel accountants, that the investment in hotels throughout the country is $5,024,000,000, and that the business ranks ninth among our major industries. Annual gross income amounted to $1,315,000,000 before the depression, yielding a return of 26 per cent on the investment. Today a majority of the hotels cannot keep up their mortgage interest payments.

In the Driftway

A MURAL of the Sermon on the Mount Without Christ is about to take its place beside a picture of the Revolution Without Lenin in Rockefeller Center, which a less kindly person than the Drifter might be tempted to describe as the Skyscraper Without Tenants. Frank Brangwyn, the English artist, was recently reported by the press, which is not always without error, to have said that he was finding it somewhat difficult to do justice to the Sermon on the Mount and at the same time please the managers of Rockefeller Center, who had requested him to omit the principal speaker. As soon as the dispatch was printed, the managers, with much haste and very little logic, said that there was no controversy and then proceeded to divulge the details of the quarrel whose existence they had just denied. John R. Todd, head manager, handed out an explanation that sounded very plausible:

> Doubt was expressed [he said] as to whether any artist should attempt the practically impossible task of painting a figure which would satisfy the conceptions of Christ. Finally we decided that it would be better to have Christ represented by a light shining down from heaven.

The Drifter was inclined to sympathize with Mr. Todd, who is obviously a sensitive soul as well as a manager. But he was even more won over by Raymond Hood, who said: "Some people here felt that it would not be fitting to put the figure of Christ in a business building." The Drifter has been wondering ever since which would alienate more tenants—Mr. Hood's remark or the head of Christ in the corridor.

* * * * *

"OCCASIONALLY I get very much disgusted with your column, for I have difficulty sometimes putting myself in your sentimental position concerning canned foods and moving-picture actresses," writes Joyce Gourfain from Chicago. And she goes on to give the Drifter the hiding he has been waiting for ever since he complained about canned vegetables.

> I all but got around to writing you a first-class trouncing for your article on canned foods, for not only am I a housewife, but the daughter of a restaurant owner and a one-time employee of the American Medical Association. You must have eaten some very bad home-cooked meals. I, for one, can fix up canned foods so that you wouldn't know the difference, or if you did, you'd like it. For instance, try canned peas fried with onions or canned baked beans touched up with a tablespoon of chili sauce, butter, a touch of brown sugar, and a little paprika, or simply put plain butter on canned young lima beans. Your complaint is principally unfounded, especially if you live in the city, for most fresh vegetables lose their flavor a day after they have left the garden.

* * * * *

BUT Mrs. Gourfain's letter is not primarily one of complaint. It ends, in fact, on a note of praise and gratitude. "I want to tell you," she writes, "how much more comfortable I feel in this world since reading your article with the excerpt from Bennett's 'Journal' and the list of ten books which you have not read."

> Dear Drifter [she continues], I have read only two of that ten, the first and the last. It would be fun to make of your column a confessional of "Books I Haven't Got Around to Reading." I imagine with such evidence before him many a self-conscious person with a good mind and fear for his reading past might find confidence, many a snob with a few books to his credit would soon be pushed into the corner, and conversation would become much more lively and entertaining.
>
> I believe I've been as diligent about reading as it is possible for a woman with a house to clean, a husband to feed, and a book to write, to be. I've been reading for the last five years, beginning earnestly when I was twenty, but the volumes that I have read, if compacted into a sphere, would look like a little pea on top of the world of all those

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that I have before me. This is from a person who between spasms of despair consoles herself with the thought that she went through all of Proust last winter, has gobbled up "The Brothers Karamazov" and "Crime and Punishment" in two days, and, in general, feels that she reads with keen enjoyment and intelligence. Isn't it awful? Thank you, thank you ever so much for letting me know that I have read two books which you haven't.

The Drifter has no doubt that the enormous increase in books is one reason—among several—why conversation has become merely one more form of competition. And he can offer even more comfort to his correspondent if she cares to agree with him. The belief is still widely held, and carefully preserved by interested parties, that a cultivated man must have "read everything." In the days when books were few it is quite possible that most of them were worth reading. But times have changed. Five thousand new books are printed every year. If discrimination and independent thought have anything to do with culture, it might be fair in these days to judge the cultivation of a man not by what he reads but by what he refrains from reading.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Needless Slip

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In charging, in an editorial paragraph in its last issue, Ambassador Sumner Welles with committing "a curious and needless slip," *The Nation* itself made a slip.

The Nation stated that Mr. Welles's slip consisted in "denying publicly, on the day after the establishment of the present regime, that the United States would recognize the present de facto President." The fact is, as reported in the daily press, that Mr. Welles denied the authenticity of an interview published in *La Voz,* a student newspaper, on September 5, in which the Ambassador was quoted as having told Sergeant Batista, one of the leaders of the army revolt, that the United States would recognize the revolutionary government if life and property were protected. Mr. Welles gave out a statement to the press saying that the article was false and that he had given out no interview whatever.

While this denial in effect constituted an implicit notice that the United States was for the time being withholding recognition of the new government—a policy which *The Nation* deems unwise—it is quite different from the course attributed to Mr. Welles in *The Nation,* namely, a denial that the United States would recognize the regime which succeeded that of Cespedes.

Washington, September 21 ERNEST GRUENING

A University Answers

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In the second instalment of William Burl Thomas's article on The Educator and the Depression he said: "Illinois began its retrenchment policy early; though its funds available were equivalent to those of the preceding year, twenty-seven of its faculty were not reappointed."

The writer of this statement leaves two wrong impressions. He apparently assumes that when money is appropriated by the Illinois General Assembly for a two-year period, the money is turned over to the authorities of the University of Illinois. That is not the case. The appropriation bill simply permits the university to draw on State funds to meet its obligations. Because of the depression the tax situation became very acute in this State, and it was obvious that strict economy would have to be exercised by every division of the State if the commonwealth were to have enough actual cash—and not merely appropriations—to take care of essential activities. Our particular retrenchment did not take the form of reducing salaries except as a last expedient, and it did not take the form of discharging members of its teaching staff. Much of the reduction in staff was made by not filling vacancies which occurred at the end of the academic year. It is true that the number of instructors was reduced with the start of another school year. However, it would have been reduced had we had *all* of the money that we had anticipated. The size of our staff is never stable—one year it may be up and another it may be down. We could not justify to any taxpayer the continuance of a teaching staff of the same size if the enrolment had materially decreased. The size of our staff will always depend upon the size of our student body.

Urbana, Ill., September 13 JOSEPH F. WRIGHT,
Director of Public Information, University of Illinois

Japan's Ultimate Purpose

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The persistence of the Japanese in carrying out their program of releasing the whole of what was originally Manchu territory from the control of China has a very solid basis in justice. The ancient domain of the Manchu Empire, which was never incorporated in China but administered as a private and separate region by the Manchu emperors, has every right to be reestablished under Henry P'u Yi, the legitimate and lineal successor of those emperors. Had it been incorporated by some act of these Manchu rulers, the disorganized misrule which has disgraced China for twenty years since the abdication of Manchu sovereignty over the Chinese would amply justify the reestablishment of this kingdom.

The part played by the Japanese in this reestablishment is doubtless no small one, but in view of the interest at stake and the constant evasive and irritating acts by the Chinese to prevent the carrying out of treaties made at the conclusion of the Sino-Japanese war of 1894-95, there is no sufficient ground for the assumption that the ultimate purpose of the Japanese is in any respect different from that which they have stated it to be. The release of Manchuria from all semblance of Chinese control is now complete, and there is reasonable ground for the belief that under Japanese protection a stable government for Manchukuo will be established.

Recognition of Manchukuo by the American government would have very favorable reactions in several directions. It would settle definitely the hope of the Chinese of involving America in hostilities with Japan, and the removal of that hope would produce a stabilizing effect on the domestic concerns of China. It would give a definite status to Manchukuo among the nations and would tend to prevent, if prevention is necessary, the fulfilment of any ultimate aims on the part of the Japanese permanently to dominate Manchuria.

Mr. Stimson's "doctrine," based on the Kellogg Pact, has merely an academic interest. His pronouncement, as well as the Lytton report, failed to take account of the historical developments which have manifestly created existing conditions. This failure went far to neutralize tne force of both. Mr. Stimson

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entirely disregarded two facts—first, that Manchuria, according to the indisputable testimony of history, was never a part of China. Consequently Japanese operations to rid Manchukuo of China's attempted misrule were in no sense an "invasion." He also disregarded the forty years of Chinese evasion and irritation which required definite and effective steps to end them.

The demand of the Lytton report that the Japanese surrender their interests, developed over a period of forty years in accordance with established treaty, and leave Manchuria to the misrule of the irresponsible, warring factions of the Chinese is equally unjustifiable.

Greenville, S. C., September 1 T. J. League

Against Vivisection

To the Editors of The Nation:

Many thousands of your readers are taking fierce exception to your statements of August 30, 1933, that "the great conquests of disease have been achieved through animal experimentation and would have been impossible without it."

In the *Christian Science Monitor* of April 9, 1932, 1,238 out of 3,632 regular physicians, replying to a questionnaire sent to every member of the American Medical Association, either declared themselves opposed to vivisection or stated that they did not think the practice of animal experimentation was justified by the results. More than 50 per cent of those who did not actually oppose vivisection refused to place their stamp of approval on methods of treatment which have resulted from it. More than 93 per cent of the doctors admitted there was a wide difference of opinion among medical men as to the benefits of serum therapy.

If you will study the actual statistics of diabetes—not the false statements of those who profit by the torture of animals in laboratories—you will see that many more have died from that disease since the use of insulin. If you will also study the unjuggled records on the use of diphtheria antitoxin and the other serums which have produced vast wealth for medical men and serum laboratories, you will find that actually there is nothing but harm accomplished by them. Sanitation, preventive methods widely taught, painstaking and intelligent observation in the clinic and at the bedside—these are the real causes of the reduction of the death-rate, and it is a great pity that the millions now wasted in torturing animals in laboratories could not be spent in these useful ways.

Buffalo, N. Y., August 29 Alice K. Millard

Economic Interdependence

To the Editors of The Nation:

Mr. Hazlitt's article, Mr. Keynes's Way Out, in *The Nation* of July 5, fell below his usual standard. A definition of economic interdependence will be helpful. It must be assumed that the product which will no longer be supplied when 25 per cent of the industrial community is destroyed, is not indispensable; for if that were the case there would be no need to prove by calculations such as are employed that there would be a complete breakdown of the economic system. It is obvious to anyone that a completely interdependent system would be destroyed upon the removal of an indispensable commodity. I presume, therefore, that the type of interdependence to which he refers is one in which commerce is transacted within a group whose numbers are definitely limited but whose products are individually dispensable.

One factor is overlooked in Mr. Hazlitt's reasoning: although any particular remaining industry will lose 25 per cent of its purchasing power, there will be only 75 per cent as many other industries as formerly to share the purchasing power which will be left. The total business transacted will be diminished by 25 per cent but by no more.

Concretely, let us assume a self-contained economy of four units doing a total business of $400 annually with one another: i.e., each unit will produce $100 worth of goods, of which, say, it will retain one-fourth for its own use and sell one-fourth to each of the other three units. If one unit, A, drops out, B will have to reduce his production to $75 annually, since he will no longer have a market for the $25 previously sold to A. His purchasing power is correspondingly reduced by $25. Each of the other surviving industries does likewise. It is apparent that B will still have proportionately as much money as before to spend on the other two units. For whereas he formerly spent $75 among three groups, he now will have $50 to spend between two units. The total economy of the system will now be $300, but the stability of the relationships among the surviving members will not be disturbed, inasmuch as the loss of purchasing power will be compensated for by the fact that there will be proportionately fewer units to share in the remaining market.

New York, September 4 Moses Cammer

Second-Rate Lawyer

To the Editors of The Nation:

The Nation's reference (July 5, 1933) to the new assistant to the Attorney-General, Pat Malloy of Oklahoma, as "a second-rate lawyer" interests me. In twenty-five years at the bar I have found that "second-rate lawyer" always means a lawyer

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who lives in a small community or one who has no rich clients. But the small-towner is often an excellent all-around lawyer; and a man may be an experienced and capable lawyer without ever having been attorney for the First National Bank.

Los Angeles, Cal., August 12 THOMAS R. LYNCH

Please Pass the Crow

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am just an ordinary citizen of a hick town on the gumbo of western South Dakota. Perhaps I might not be considered sufficiently erudite to sharpen pencils for your editorial sanctum, but I wish to protest against the statement in the editorial, Liquor Control, in which it is said that Congress will meet in December. Manifestly there is someone on your staff who is not keeping himself posted on current history. Has he not heard of our famous Senator George W. Norris and the lame-duck amendment which has done away with the short session of Congress? Does he expect to attend the next inauguration on March 4, 1937, and arrive about six weeks too late?

Newell, S. D., September 5 W. C. HILL

Not the Half of It

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I want to protest strongly against the title of an article in *The Nation,* The Home-Loan Act—a Fraud. While I fully realize that this protest will not erase any printer's ink in your issue of August 9, I none the less want you to know how I feel about it. The title should have been The Home-Loan Act—a Deception and a Fraud.

St. Paul, Minn., September 9 W. A. CROWDER

To "Common Soldiers"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In connection with a history of the common soldier that I am writing I wish to ask your ex-soldier readers to send me clues to their grievances in the World War—indignities suffered at hands of the officer caste, parades before dignitaries, favoritism in operation of the draft, food, shelter, labor, etc.

New Milford, Conn., September 11 WALTER WILSON

Contributors to This Issue

JAMES PETER WARBASSE is a member of the Consumers' Advisory Board of the NRA.

RICHARD NEUBERGER spent the past summer traveling in Germany.

BARROW LYONS is a New York newspaperman.

IRWIN EDMAN is associate professor of philosophy at Columbia University.

H. B. PARKES is an English writer now living in the United States.

ROBERT LIDDELL LOWE is a member of the English department of Purdue University.

DAVID BERES is a practicing physician in New York.

JOHN F. O'RYAN was commander of the Twenty-seventh Division of the American Expeditionary Force during the World War.

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Books, Music, Drama

Image of a Friend

By MARYA ZATURENSKA

Farewell, clear and profound:
Farewells De Quincey heard
When mad with drugs and grief,
The quivering of a leaf
Made an iron sound.

Oh, then I knew the flight
Of friendship spun as fine
As light; and rich as wine!
O, friend, once mine,
Estranged and grown
Familiarly unknown.

Yet, if in a great book,
I wrote her image fair,
Or carved it out of air,
She would not look,
Who burns with life denied
In her youth's pride:

So that her blood is true,
False, cruel, and kind
To one thing in her mind,
The lost April's clue,
She follows on the wind.

Her summer, dry and blind,
And winter, winter near,
And death like a small boy's
Sharp, teasing noise.

The Problems of the Critic

The Anatomy of Criticism. By Henry Hazlitt. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

MR. HAZLITT brings to bear on his craft three capacities which account in no small measure for the particular quality and impact of his work. His training in economics and finance saves him from literary dandyism, his love of literature for its own sake insures him against facile sociology, and his disciplined concern with philosophy leads him to the discovery and the examination of first principles in criticism. These facets of Mr. Hazlitt's work are manifest in his weekly reviews in *The Nation,* and this reviewer sees no reason why, because this review happens to appear in the columns of *The Nation,* he should be diffident about saying so. For it was the weekly display of such virtues that caused the writer of these lines to look forward with particular interest and curiosity to the book under review. The interest and curiosity have been rewarded, though in a form different from that which the title, "The Anatomy of Criticism," would have led one to expect. The title seemed to point to an attempt at defining in a strict discursive analysis the logic implied and the metaphysical structure involved in any and all literary criticism. The author, apparently for reasons of both modesty and method, has chosen the dialogue form.

Mr. Hazlitt is too experienced a critic and too well-informed a reader not to know just what he is doing, nor is he ignorant of the difficulties and dangers of the philosophical dialogue. He himself calls attention to the notable hands—relatively very few—that have made the form a successful one for the presentation of ideas. He notes the fear and trembling with which the modern reader approaches such attempts on the part of contemporaries. But he is aware also, and he reminds the reader, that the philosophical dialogue is not simply a literary form but expresses a philosophical method. His book, a "trialogue," presents three tempers or points of view, one of which is a reconciliation of the other two. One is reminded—intentionally—of Hegel's familiar thesis, antithesis, and synthesis. The author is also clearly aware that in the dialogue form it is possible to escape the *obiter dicta* of dogmatic schematisms, and to do justice, at once tolerant and comprehensive, to "the many voices in the world, none without signification."

Mr. Hazlitt must also realize—though he does not specifically say so—how peculiarly difficult an art form he has chosen. It requires agility of intellectual analysis combined with the most exquisite literary tact. The philosophical dialogue must convey ideas but (unless it is such only in name) the ideas must be voiced by living characters who are people as well as the dictaphones of ideas. There must be a clash of genuine personality as well as an authentic drama of ideas. There is room for eloquence and almost a necessity for wit. A man must be a poet and a dramatist as well as a philosopher, quite to carry it off. This is almost to say that he must be a Plato. It is no belittling of Mr. Hazlitt's book to say that its distinguished intellectual content is not matched by the specifically dramatic virtues which the reader has a right to look for when an author deliberately chooses the dialogue form.

The book as a piece of intellectual analysis is an admirable and, at this juncture in contemporary thinking, a particularly timely and useful discussion. There is not a single other volume with which I am acquainted that gives so careful, tolerant, and understanding a survey of the current situation in criticism. His three characters, Elder, Middleton, and Young, give a notably clear and complete statement of the characteristic issues with which contemporary criticism is confronted, the solutions offered, and the grounds of the solutions. The reader is more than adequately introduced to the positions of the conservative, "the young radical" (literary), and the mediator, whose ideas, despite a prefatory disclaimer, seem strongly to resemble Mr. Hazlitt's own. The reader follows their discussions on such crucial themes as Subjectivity and Objectivity, Tradition and Revolt, Standards, Sincerity, Style and Pure Art, Realism and Romanticism. Through the pardonable device of dazzlingly good verbal memories on the part of the three interlocutors, these positions are not revealed in their bare formal statement. They are enriched by a wealth of illustrations from present and past writers that makes the book, among other things, a striking and learned anthology. Only the professional student will realize how thorough and wide is Mr. Hazlitt's reading in the field of aesthetics, literary criticism, and literature past and present.

But the wealth of reference does not obscure the clarity with which the issues are broached. Before one has finished, one will have seen very clearly the varied functions of the critic as a judge, an artist, a reporter, and a catalyzer. The reader will find treated with unusual fairness the place of tradition as the matrix and source of the original and new, the function of revolt in the interest of fresh life. Mr. Hazlitt resolves the age-old quarrel between realism and romanticism, indicates that "art always idealizes" but that "what should

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concern us is not the fact of this idealization but the nature of it."

Most impressive to this reviewer was the dialogue (practically a monologue by Middleton) on the Social Mind, a new concept as applied to literary criticism, in which it is made clear that it is not the individual who criticizes, no matter how forceful that individual, but society or the social tradition. Almost equally valuable is the chapter on Standards, which are revealed not as codes to be conformed to, but as *instruments* of appreciation to be flexibly used. And on page 75 there is a passage, too long for quotation, which in words simple, eloquent, and true gives a portrait of the "ideal critic."

The reader will find much, too, by the way. There is the lusty and convincing damnation—by all three characters—of the buncombe in Croce, with a recognition by one of them of the item of insight in that long, inflated "Aesthetic." Finally there are two appendices not to be missed. In one of them there is an argument, to the mind of this reviewer unanswerable, on the fallacy of a purely "Marxian" approach to literature, which, as Mr. Hazlitt points out, was the approach of neither Marx nor Lenin. In the second, the author makes clear the identity in essence of Tolstoy's condemnation of "bourgeois" art on religious grounds and the Marxists' condemnation on economic grounds. So fine and just are these supplementary essays that one wishes Mr. Hazlitt had made the group of dialogues all frankly essays. For they would have been then expressly, what they in any case now are, very penetrating and significant essays indeed.

IRWIN EDMAN

A Sympathetic Satirist

England, Their England. By A. G. Macdonell. The Macmillan Company. $2.

IN the nineteenth century, when Lombard Street was still the financial capital of the world, England was generally supposed to be a land of gloomy fogs and a still gloomier puritanism. Now that the role of "Uncle Shylock" has passed to the other side of the Atlantic, foreigners are beginning to discover that in England the sun does sometimes shine and that the country is not inhabited solely by dyspeptic "milords" and grasping cotton manufacturers. Mr. Macdonell, who is a Highland Scot, is more guarded in his admiration than certain other post-war commentators, as befits the descendant of men who fell at Culloden. "England, Their England" is a series of fictitious episodes, varying from the commonplace to the wildly fantastic, designed to exhibit its author's perplexity about the extraordinary contradictions of the English character. The satire occasionally becomes bitter. Mr. Macdonell is suitably ironical about people who consider kindness to animals to be a characteristic English trait, and whose favorite amusement is fox-hunting. And he violently dislikes the class which made fortunes out of the war and which now dominates English politics and high society. But the general tone is friendly and even affectionate. In the end, like most other foreigners, he succumbs to the great fact of Tradition. In an age of revolution there seems to be some extraordinary virtue about a country where customs have remained unchanged for centuries and where one can meet farm laborers who bear the names of soldiers who fought at Poitiers and Agincourt. Mr. Macdonell concludes with the reflection, contradicted by most of his previous observations, that the English are still, as in the time of Shakespeare, a race of "warrior poets."

There is nothing profoundly illuminating in "England, Their England." Mr. Macdonell carefully refrains from generalization. Nor is his portrait by any means complete. He devotes too much space to the eccentricities of nouveau-riche society. He altogether ignores the solid mass of middle-class citizens whose snobbery and self-complacency would have provided ideal material for a social satirist. And though he gives us a Yorkshire mechanic, he omits the more lively Cockney. He is, however, a lively writer, with a talent for hitting off a character in a few phrases, and his constant variations in scene and mood prevent him from ever becoming monotonous. At his best, as in his description of J. C. Squire's cricket match and of the subtleties of English foreign policy at Geneva, the gaiety and extravagance of his humor are superb.

H. B. PARKES

Milburn's Short Stories

No More Trumpets. By George Milburn. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

IN the two years between the publication of his first book, "Oklahoma Town," and that of his second, "No More Trumpets," George Milburn has progressed from a relater of undeveloped melodramatic anecdotes to a writer of mature short stories. With the exception of Katherine Anne Porter, the Southwest has supplied no one in fiction of Mr. Milburn's stature. Indeed, his place among young American short-story writers is enviable. "No More Trumpets" is a collection of eighteen narratives; only three brief ones are negligible—Boy and Snake, The Drummer's Shoes, and Family Twig. Written in a lean, acrimonious prose, his stories have at their source an ironical bitterness. His second book, however, is far more compassionate than the venomous "Oklahoma Town," which holds not a single personality whom one can really like with the exception of David, the ambitious young journalist. This second book, while severe in tone, possesses a number of characters with whom one can genuinely sympathize.

The stories in "No More Trumpets" vary in subject matter from youth to old age and in locality from Oklahoma to New England. It must be admitted, however, that Mr. Milburn's fiction is most authentic when he uses the Southwestern scene. No one to my knowledge pictures with such accuracy and economy the newness of that country, its quick transition from pioneer life to current civilization with tall buildings and thriving industry. He deserves commendation for his intelligent eye in selecting significant detail, for capturing the hardy, colorful, semi-poetic language of the Southwest. He is unique among young fictionists in his ability to write capably of children and adolescents. Even for the writer of many years' practice, youth is hard to create. No less than six of his stories have youthful protagonists; these are among the best inclusions in the book.

The highest achievements in "No More Trumpets" are Sugar Be Sweet, A Student in Economics (perhaps the author's best story and certainly the finest college story I have ever read), and the middle portion of The Visit to Uncle Jake's. Mr. Milburn in these stories is free from his customary faults: here his characters predominate over the situations. More often than not he is inclined to place greater emphasis on plot than on character. The result is caricature rather than character, and melodramatic writing. A few of his stories are marred by slightly irrelevant endings: he insists too frequently on an acid turn in his conclusions in order to give his stories a sharp flavor that they already own. Such a blemish injures his direct narration. This criticism is especially true of his otherwise splendid Visit to Uncle Jake's. He has learned much from Ring Lardner (Pilgrim's Progress is witness to this statement); but despite this one influence, Mr. Milburn's essential originality has not been vitiated by a close study of his model.

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Often his work is obvious, but he writes of obvious people. One wishes that he would discontinue his attacks upon Rotarians and Kiwanians. Good as his satire is, these have so long been the objects of sarcasm that further disclosure of their stupidities and puerilities is trite.

Adverse criticism, however, becomes insignificant beside Mr. Milburn's accomplishments. American to the core, he is a writer of quality. It is heartening to find a man with a masculine, unobtrusive style, as much interested in his subject matter as in his expression. "No More Trumpets" makes one await expectantly his first novel, which is now in progress.

ROBERT LIDDELL LOWE

A History of Syphilis

The History and Epidemiology of Syphilis. By William Allen Pusey. Springfield, Illinois: Charles C. Thomas. $2.

THE terminological history of syphilis and of the cockroach have been very similar: in both cases it has been the task of scientists to trace their origins to distant lands and to incorporate into their long names an indication of this foreign genesis. Thus in America our common cockroaches are called *Ectobia germanica* and *Periplaneta orientalis,* while London has its *Periplaneta americana.* In like manner the English called syphilis the French disease; the French called it the Italian or Neapolitan disease; the Italians called it the Spanish or French disease. Finally an apparent truce was reached by blaming its origin on the American Indians, who have let the matter rest there.

Dr. Pusey has here given us a brief, simple, and clearly written book on this interesting subject. The account is adequate for the layman and stimulating to the student, who will find sufficient bibliographical data for more detailed reading.

The author accepts the theory of the American origin of syphilis, which assumes that the disease was brought to Europe by Columbus's men, but he indicates that the problem is not yet settled in the minds of all medical historians. He recounts the spectacular spread of the disease through Europe at the end of the fifteenth century, following the armies of Charles VIII in their advances and retreats. He develops also the growth of clinical knowledge of syphilis and its distinction from the other venereal diseases, especially gonorrhea. This episode was made dramatic by the experiments of John Hunter, who in 1767 inoculated himself with secretions from a syphilitic patient, but developed both diseases, concluding therefore that they are identical. It took over seventy years to correct this erroneous conclusion. We now know that syphilis and gonorrhea frequently occur together, as must have been the case with Hunter's patient.

Dr. Pusey brings the story to date with brief sketches of the lives and work of the modern investigators from all lands who have put the final solution of the problem of syphilis out of the realm of medicine and into the realm of sociology. There is the Frenchman Fournier, who etched in detail the clinical picture; there is the Englishman Hutchinson, who described its congenital manifestations; the Russian Metchnikov, who transmitted syphilis to the ape and opened the way to vast experimental possibilities; the Germans Schaudinn and Hoffmann, who isolated and proved the etiological significance of the bacterium *Spirochaeta pallida,* a momentous accomplishment; the Japanese Noguchi, working in America, who was able to grow the organism on artificial media. Many others are mentioned, including Paul Ehrlich, who discovered the most effectual therapeutic agents, salvarsan and neo-salvarsan, and who, were he alive today, would have been driven out of his country by Hitler.

The essential facts of the epidemiology of syphilis were brought out by Pangloss in his sad narration to Candide of his amatory adventures. Dr. Pusey accepts the moderate estimate of 5 per cent as the incidence of syphilis for the entire population of the United States. More significant is the estimate of 871,000 new cases each year. This figure represents not only the spread of the disease but also the number of people who are most infectious to others.

The spread of the disease through a given group of people is a direct result of their sexual habits. Naturally Dr. Pusey does not approve of a moral attitude that favors the increase of such a malady, but as a doctor who has had experience with patients as well as with ethics, he gives more space to recommendations for the prevention of the disease than to recommendations for changing the morals of people. Medicine has provided means for minimizing the danger of infection, means proved to be of value in the World War. It is up to social and governmental agencies to educate men and women to take advantage of this information.

The author must be corrected on his use of the word "hereditary," which he uses wrongly in speaking of congenital syphilis as hereditary syphilis. "Hereditary" in the biological sense connotes transmission through the germ-plasm of characteristics affected by chromosome constitution. Syphilis appearing in a new-born infant is due to the actual infection of the child with the bacterium *Spirochaeta pallida* from its diseased mother before birth. This distinction is of more than academic importance.

DAVID BERES

Russian Youth

Youth in Soviet Russia. By Klaus Mehnert. Translated by Michael Davidson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

THE Russian Revolution of October, 1917, was prepared and carried out by a generation of revolutionaries who as long ago as 1905 had fought for the overthrow of the Czar. However, the administration of the Soviet state, launched by this generation, has long since passed into younger hands, younger "physiologically and sociologically."

Now that the romantic period of bolshevism is over, clear-thinking Bolshevik theoreticians are beginning to realize that it will take more than one generation to bring the Russian Revolution to its logical conclusion—the creation of a classless Communist society. Lenin, to be sure, who based all his hopes on the growing generation of Russians, realized it as early as 1920. "The task before the elder generation," he said in his address at the Third Congress of the Komsomol (Young Communists' League), "was relatively simple. For them it was a matter of doing away with the bourgeoisie, of inspiring hatred for it among the masses. . . . The task before your generation is infinitely more complicated: the erection of the Communist society."

Since then a new generation of Russians has come to consciousness. A product of the war, the revolution, the civil war, and conditioned entirely by Soviet environment, the Soviet youth are radically different from the youth of any other country of the world. It is this youth, or rather a section of it, its "features and character, its attitude toward the state, to work, and to life, its notions of morality and spiritual values," that Klaus Mehnert set out to describe.

A young man himself, Herr Mehnert has a unique advantage in studying Soviet youth. He was born in Russia in 1906, and has lived in Germany since his eighth year. His perfect familiarity with the Russian language, his frequent and extended visits to Soviet Russia, enabled him to gain first-hand and authentic information, while his German nationalism lends to the story a certain amount of detachment.

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Conscious of the fact that it is as yet a little premature "to express in words a thing so new and fluid" as the changing social consciousness of the Russians, Herr Mehnert has taken the "elite" of Soviet youth as his criterion of the new Soviet man. There are, however, a hundred million people under twenty-five living in Russia today. The "elite"—those who have been seized by the idea of bolshevism, who are devoting themselves to it and are seeking to give it embodiment—comprise only a small section of the Soviet youth, only about ten million. What about the vast majority of Soviet youth?

The truth is that the revolution in Russia is not yet completed. Neither has human nature undergone a complete transformation. While the revolution has left its trace even in the remotest and most backward parts of the country, the vast majority of the older as well as the younger Russian generation still have one foot in old Russia. The "old"—the word the Bolsheviks use in referring to prevalent Western customs and morals—still persists within the new.

It is, to be sure, the "elite," the dynamic section of the youth, as Herr Mehnert justly observes, who are the spearpoint of every advance in the life of the Soviet Union. It is they who build the Russia of tomorrow and determine to a large extent the future course of her development. Whether one agrees with communism or not, one thing is certain: a new social man is gradually evolving in Soviet Russia, and it is with new and young Russia that the world will have to reckon in the next decade.

LEON DENNEN

To Make Your Flesh Creep

Cry Havoc! By Beverley Nichols. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

THIS is certainly one of the most exciting and one of the most valuable books on peace ever written. Yet to a student of the problem it is far from satisfying. It is exciting because of the author's clear style and fresh enthusiasm as well as for the facts he sets forth. Mr. Nichols, one of the younger dramatists of England, has a way of bringing simple English sentences to life, and he has a knack for juxtaposition which brings out the full force of the facts he presents. On pages 233 to 238, for example, he describes the manner in which *you* and others are, unconsciously no doubt, preparing *your* small son for war. Then, seven pages farther on, he brings in with dramatic abruptness the following quotation from Siegfried Sassoon's "Memoirs of an Infantry Officer":

> I particularly remember, as I passed down the trench, a pair of hands (nationality unknown), which protruded from the soaked ashen soil like the roots of a tree turned upside down. And floating on the surface of the flooded trench was the mask of a human face which had detached itself from the skull.

Can it be possible that the mask of your son's face may soon be floating on the surface of a flooded trench? Yet it is certain that the face Sassoon saw once had a father and a mother. It is this ability to make the reader actually feel the bitterness and horrors of war which makes "Cry Havoc!" a tremendously valuable book.

Mr. Nichols appears to have been at one time a conventional, do-nothing pacifist. He had never seen mass murder at close range, but he had the vague feeling that it was repulsive and that he would not take part in war. It was a chance conversation with H. G. Wells that set him off on a quest for a rational explanation of his attitude. So he went out to see for himself just how the world is preparing for war. He visited the armament factories in England—members of what he calls the "bloody international"—and there had pointed out to him stacks of lethal weapons and death-dealing shells about to be shipped to various foreign countries. The "bloody international" is touchingly impartial in its business affairs; it sells its wares to both sides. He went to Geneva to see the League in operation, and though he was at first filled with despair, he came away finally with the conviction that if there is any hope for peace it lies with the League. He looked into the matter of modern gas warfare and uncovered facts that made his flesh creep. And he discovered that the present defense against such warfare is cruelly inadequate.

Mr. Nichols found that the schoolboys of England are being taught to kill and are not being told that that is the only purpose of their instruction. He looked at the British navy and found it magnificent—but worthless as a means of defense "against the Furies that are straining at the leash." His analysis of patriotism is enlightening, even devastating; he sweeps away with a few deft sentences the false foundations of that nationalist philosophy upon which the appeal to young men to go to war is invariably based. In the chapters entitled The Microbes of War and Letter to a Young Man, Mr. Nichols is at his best, for here he lays bare the faultiness and hollowness of the reasoning which prompts many otherwise decent and law-abiding citizens to clamor for mass murder whenever they believe their country has been offended or needs defending.

Mr. Nichols has, however, two weaknesses which make the reader who has studied the problem of peace for many years feel that the job is only half done. Mr. Nichols never quite gets down to the causes of war. He lets Sir Arthur Salter and G. D. H. Cole, in a dinner-table conversation which the author reports verbatim, defend their respective points of view on this question. Sir Arthur naturally takes the view that under a reformed and enlightened capitalism war can be eliminated, and Mr. Cole just as inevitably takes the position that the goal can only be attained under socialism. But in the conversation there is no meeting of minds, no give and take, no attempt to adjust or reconcile the inconsistencies of the two positions. Having read the report, we are no closer to an understanding of the causes of war than we were before.

The author's second weakness, far more important than the first in view of the imminence of another great conflagration, is his failure to get away from passivism and conscientious objection. He denounces both, but offers nothing in their place. It should be obvious that this do-nothing attitude has failed in the past and will surely fail again. Albert Einstein some years ago suggested that if only 2 per cent of the young men eligible for slaughter on the battlefield were to resist the commands of the war-makers, "the jails of the country would not be large enough to hold them." His thought was that such resistance would simply stop the war machine. This is a naive view, though apparently one to which Mr. Nichols subscribes. If the jails are not large enough, the governments can build stockades and concentration camps, as Dr. Einstein probably knows by now. Prayers and peace treaties, conscientious objection and war-resisters' leagues are not enough. There must be an organized struggle against war by those classes of society which are the chief victims of war. The workers must refuse to supply munitions and other materials, the farmers must refuse to provide food. If they were to do this, no war could last twenty-four hours.

"Cry Havoc!" is excellent so far as it goes. It takes pacifist literature out of the dry-as-dust class and makes it almost as exciting as war literature. If the same pen could now be turned to the task of emphasizing the importance of carrying on a mass struggle against war in place of the present passivism, we should feel that we were at long last making real progress against the "bloody international" and the war-makers disguised as statesmen.

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

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A General Looks at War

What Would Be the Character of a New War? Inquiry Organized by the Interparliamentary Union, Geneva. By Eighteen Experts. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $2.50.

THIS most interesting book contains the deliberate judgments of eighteen experts in as many fields of war preparation and war operations. As a whole it will grip the attention and interest of all readers who are not mental defectives. They will find it not only instructive, but as well a challenge to save themselves from the catastrophic consequences of the next war, so well and conservatively described by the authors.

It is the peoples of the world who make war, especially in these times—not the military men or the so-called rulers. It is the people who plot their own wholesale destruction by refusal to understand, by apathy, by their readiness to believe ill of other peoples, by electing inferior representatives and permitting them to enact laws that are unfair or provocative to other peoples, and finally by their neglect to organize the public conscience of the world against this insensate method of determining international rights and their failure to support and develop the League of Nations and the World Court.

This book on the next war is a vital contribution to the development of our civilization. In the past the written word has been responsible for more than one war by reason of its effects upon the conscience or the emotions of populations. Perhaps this book, which in England has been called "the most terrible book ever written," may exert a powerful influence in preventing "the next war." JOHN F. O'RYAN

Shorter Notices

Sheridan. By W. A. Darlington. Great Lives Series. The Macmillan Company. 75 cents.

In the eighteenth century, when literature was turning from a gentleman's vocation definitely into a trade, it was curious how ready gentlemen were to desert it. Congreve is the most famous instance, but there were also Van Brugh and Sheridan, who thought politics a nobler career and gave up the writing of dramatic masterpieces. The snobbery of others and his own destiny combined to punish the latter for his bad choice. His political career, except for the brilliant episode of his speeches in the impeachment of Warren Hastings, was disappointing. Mr. Darlington's brief biography is brightly and economically written; and, one feels, does full justice to its subject.

English Literature in the Twentieth Century. By J. W. Cunliffe. The Macmillan Company. $3.

This is one of those painful excursions of the old-school academic mind into the Chapel Perilous of contemporary literature which leave one both embarrassed and full of concern for college-educated American youth. Without standards, without taste, and even without much information about his field, Professor Cunliffe sets out all bravely to chart the course of British letters from 1900 to the present. Of course there are the usual chapters on Shaw, Conrad, Wells, Galsworthy, and Bennett, and of course, as usual, Yeats is lumped along with the other writers of the "Irish renaissance." So much was to be expected, since this line-up had already been agreed upon some fifteen or more years ago by other academicians. It is not until he deals with more recent figures that this scholar betrays how hopelessly incapacitated he is for his task. Thus, Hugh Walpole is discussed in a section covering several pages, while Joyce is dismissed in two references of a few lines each; Compton Mackenzie and Gilbert Cannan are also given sections, but one looks in vain for the names of Stephen Hudson, Siegfried Sassoon, Elizabeth Bowen, and other more recent writers of significance. And as for D. H. Lawrence, after a rehashing of Middleton Murry's banal study, Professor Cunliffe comes to the conclusion that Lawrence will not live "because he could not tell a straight story"! As this is fairly indicative of the level of criticism throughout, one need not insist further on the regrettable features of this work. If one has insisted thus far, it is out of the belief that such a work can have really harmful effects on the education of the young or the uninformed for whom it is apparently intended.

Dark Hazard. By W. R. Burnett. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

Numerous writers are trying to catch the exact proportions of the simple, rather than the ordinary, American, but none of them sees the American whom W. R. Burnett sees so clearly. The first chapter of "Dark Hazard," laid in a third-rate Chicago hotel, on a bitterly cold night, seems flawless in its observation and feeling; it is full of the inertia of human beings, particularly of the night clerk who used to be a race-track tout, and who now suffers the small humiliations of security and a cheap job. Nothing else in the novel is so good. Superficially this part is about a man and his passion for a dog, a racing greyhound. The story is alive wherever the dog appears. But the rest of the book is concerned with the wife of the man and her passion for the nice respectable thing; and there the novel sags. Perhaps it is because Burnett is too explicit. More likely, it is because he cannot help stacking the reader's sympathy on the man's side. The clarity of insight goes and something vaguely Menckenesque remains. The author wants to make, in spite of himself, a futile, tasteless thing of the woman's passion and a lively, exciting devotion of the man's. Yet even though this fault lies deep in the writing of the novel, much of "Dark Hazard" is keen and warm and really good.

Music

American Composers

THE bibliography of American music is scant, as Henry Cowell remarks in his introduction to the new symposium "American Composers on American Music,"* edited by him, and its quality is as thin as its quantity. There is nothing between pure cataloguing and pure impressionism, the one useful but insufficient, the other unreliable. This symposium, composed of articles some of which have appeared elsewhere and some of which have been written expressly for it, is the first collection of serious critical material on American music, and as such, like the Yaddo festivals, is interesting in itself and as a symptom of the growing coherence of American composition.

That is really enough to claim for the book, but Cowell does not stop there:

> The reason knowledge concerning American composition is confused is that it comes exclusively from professional critics who are not themselves composers. They do not understand in the least what is taking place in either feeling or technique, but give out vague personal

* Stanford University Press. $3.

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> impressions which have little relation to the reality and which differ widely with each individual critic. . . . This work is an experiment unprecedented in musical history, that of obtaining critical estimates from composers who may not always have a polished literary style but who know their subject, instead of from reviewers who are clever with words but do not know the principles of composition.

Some of the holes in this are apparent enough, and I have no space to treat them all. Henry Cowell himself, in the chapters he contributes, furnishes examples of faulty analysis of technical details and procedures in the works of fellow-composers. The "very quiet thematic germ" of Aaron Copland's piano Variations consists "for the most part of a skip of the interval of a major third," he says. Roy Harris's "harmony is apt to be of a familiar sort; . . . he is usually content with ordinary triads or secondary seventh-chords, with an occasional unusual passing tone." Neither Copland nor Harris, I venture to say, would acknowledge these as good examples of one composer's keen understanding of another's technique.

Cowell and his companions are too ready to place absurdly high estimates upon one another's work, or upon the work of other innovators. Of Henry Brant, "nothing is too great to expect in the future." Ives "is independent, and is truly great." Of Charles Seeger, "few modern composers, either in America or abroad, are entirely uninfluenced by him . . . Nothing in music surpasses, for instance, his 'Solo for Clarinet' in exquisite delicacy, in beauty of tracery, in unity of idea, in unbelievably developed melodic line. . . . It is great music." "Eric Satie was not widely known, but he had a profound influence upon the history of music."

The American composer-writers, too, like many other writers on modern music, often mislead, are often misled, by the double meanings that words have, or by the application of terms of definite meaning that connote a sure and fully developed technique and style, and so lend a specious solidity and dignity to the discussion. Take the word "fugue," which Riegger applies to a composition he describes as consistently atonal. The essence of a fugue is just as much in its tonal construction as in its use of imitation. So when one speaks of an atonal fugue one is speaking of a work that lacks entirely the central structural feature of a fugue, whatever other virtues it may have.

Finally, the composer-writers tend to see each other as important technical innovators, to value innovations irrespective of their relevance, and to see problems, devices, and tendencies as specifically American which are in reality shared by contemporary composers throughout the world. Cowell writes of Ives's "Concord Sonata" that in it "he writes six whole notes and a quarter-rest in 7-4 meter. This indicates the actual length of each tone, which is to be held over with the pedal, one note overlapping another. This is very frequent in practice, but I know of no other instance of its being notated." Has Cowell never seen similar notations in the first Prelude of Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavichord"? Never looked at the end of Schumann's "Papillons"? Again:

> The so-called unmusical of the congregation sang along behind the tune in both rhythm and pitch. And in the hands of some of the organists the harmonium would sometimes play the tonic chord through a passage where the dominant tones were sung in the hymn, or vice versa. . . . Such native characteristics exist all through American village and country music. They are typically American, and are the distinctions between American folk-music and the folk-music of the Europeans from which we spring.

Nonsense! Are there no "so-called unmusical" people, no incompetent organists, in Europe? Has Cowell never heard a German congregation make good use of the hold at the end of the choral phrase to catch up with the organist? Roy Harris and several others speak of uneven rhythms and irregular groupings as typically American. The European will generally think a 4-4 meter in quarters—1, 2, 3, 4, he says—or in eighths—1, 2, 3, 4 + 5, 6, 7, 8; while the American is very apt to feel 1, 2, 3 + 4, 5 + 6, 7, 8. But the classic use of the latter rhythm, as it happens, is in Ravel's Trio. And what about Brahms? And Dalcroze? And Stravinsky—who is not so easily disposed of as Harris thinks—and any number of other European composers? What of Russian folk-songs, and Moussorgsky, and European music of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries?

"The purpose of this symposium," Cowell states at the outset, "is to present the composer's own point of view concerning creative music in America." This to some extent it does, despite its exaggerations and its shortsightedness. Seeger's article on Ruggles, Chanler's on Copland, Cowell's on Ives, Harris's on Problems of American Music, Ives's on Music and Its Future, give more than an interesting glimpse of the ideas and methods of American composers. What would be more informing and more authoritative still would be to have each composer write on his own aims, ideas, and methods, unaided, or in collaboration with an editor. Then the exaggerations and mistaken emphases themselves would be instructive, and the authority Cowell claims for this collection would be really present. But while the work of each composer would then be seen in clearer focus, I think the general impression of the nature of the activity of American composers would be much the same as that conveyed by the present book. And for that general impression, "American Composers on American Music" is worth reading.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Drama

Honest Thrills

"HEAT LIGHTNING," the exhibit just offered to the public by the Messrs. Dunning and Abbott at the Booth Theater, may be no great addition to American dramatic literature. Indeed, I think I may safely make the positive assertion that it is not quite that. But so far as I know them either by direct experience or credible report, none of the other new plays of the season are half so sound or half so entertaining as this frank melodrama. It is pleasantly tense, shrewdly humorous, and, for a change, entirely convincing.

The scene is a filling station and lunchroom run by two young women somewhere in the great desert on the road to California. Through this purely American sort of caravansary pass typical specimens of our native fauna—the touring farmer with his wife, a couple of female hitch-hikers traveling on their sex appeal, and a pair of Reno widows out to snoot the world but privately squabbling between themselves over the favors of a handsome though reluctant young chauffeur with a wife and kiddies in the Bronx. Into this pleasant company come two bank robbers on their way to Mexico, and the excitement begins.

"Heat Lightning" is unusually well directed, and doubtless owes some of its firm construction to the practiced hand of George Abbott, who is down on the program as coauthor with Leon Abrams. It is also exceeding well cast throughout, with Robert Gleckler as the first bandit and Robert Sloan as the assistant sheriff standing out in a company where all are good. But the real lesson of the play lies in the proof it gives that honest, straightforward melodrama can be vastly more entertaining than any of those bastard forms like mystery-farce or two-gun extravaganza which have threatened during the last

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few years to drive it from the stage. Ostensibly these latter were directed at an audience too "sophisticated" for thrills presented with a straight face. For some reason or other it was supposed that all sorts of clutching hands, ghostly visitors, and master criminals who rejoiced in such names as the Purple Fiend or the Hairy Claw were just the thing for persons who had learned to snicker at Dion Boucicault, or that situations which the author of "Old King Brady" would have been ashamed to use were perfectly all right for metropolitan audiences, provided only they were mixed up with dubious farce. I am not denying that the formula worked so far as the box office was concerned, but it debased an honest form and substituted mere nonsense for something which is capable of being respectably elementary.

"Heat Lightning" avoids all the pitfalls of this disgusting tradition. There is nothing old-fashioned about its accidents, and the humor is spiced with contemporary frankness when it touches upon the indispensable theme of sex. But it takes itself and its thrills seriously enough to make the audience take them seriously also, and without pretending to any great psychological subtlety in the drawing of character it outlines its dramatis personae with bold, workman-like strokes. I should be happy if its success were to bring honest melodrama back and end the fad for spoofing absurdity. The pleasure which a play of its kind can give may not be of the most exalted sort, but it is genuine and respectable. Such pieces differ from dramatic literature in what they leave out rather than because of anything they put in. They are excellent playwriting—as far as they go.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

Selections from Eisenstein

NOW that the great Eisenstein-Sinclair controversy has for the time being dissolved into another one of those Art versus Capital conundrums, there is nothing to do but extract what interest and enjoyment we can out of the fragment now visible at the Rialto. For "Thunder over Mexico," it is rumored, may be only the first of a series of "features" to be concocted from the mass of material screened by Eisenstein during his fourteen-month sojourn in Mexico. Later fragments will presumably deal with other aspects of the Mexican ethnological and political development which the Soviet director intended to synthesize in his completed picture. The present fragment consists of a concentration on the more recent class struggle between the peon and his masters of the hacienda. A young peon and his betrothed come to the hacienda for permission to get married; the girl is promptly dragged off by one of the guests and raped; an attempted revenge by the peon and his friends is followed by bloodshed, imprisonment, and horrible death. Without any sort of transition, these events are succeeded by a tritely symbolic evocation of the new Mexico—great public buildings, men working, military parades. One has assisted at an orgy of sadistic melodrama only to be thrown a sop of old-fashioned mystical "progress" at the end. The development has of course been too rapid, the relations too vaguely indicated, the conclusion too blunt and abrupt, for the picture to gather any real force or meaning as a representation of the class struggle. Its appeal, based on the elements of rape, violence, and physical torture, is to the sensations rather than to the mind; it is more likely to be relished for its *frissons nouveaux* than for anything else. The "punishment of the horses" sequence, for instance, is something new in the line of sustained horror; nothing quite like it has ever reached the

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screen. But these things, we may feel confident, were not intended by Eisenstein to be offered for their own sake. Necessary to the dramatic elaboration of his theme, they would undoubtedly have been made to seem less sensational by being placed in proper relation to other elements of his subject. In Sol Lessor's production both theme and subject are dislocated to produce a volume of selections which resembles nothing so much as a collection of "gems" from some masterpiece of literature or music, the *membra disjecta* of a work of art.

This column has already pointed out the irony of the circumstance that it should be Eisenstein of all living directors whose work should be treated in just this way. For not only has this director insisted more strongly than anyone else on the importance of "montage" in the film, but he has also erected a whole system of dynamic aesthetics around it. (Those interested will find in the current *Hound and Horn* a profoundly analytical résumé of this system by the late Harry Alan Potamkin.) Montage may be loosely defined as the editing or cutting of a body of film material for a particular end or effect. In a good film, attention is paid not only to the manner in which the unit, which is the image or shot, is related to the total construction, but also to the order in which unit is made to succeed unit. The first is a problem of form, the second of rhythm, although the relations between them are interpenetrable. The principle behind montage is dictated by psychological laws, chiefly that of attention. Certain combinations of shots, like certain combinations of images in a poem, produce certain effects, other combinations other effects. Eisenstein has studied these effects to the extent of attempting a deliberate manipulation of his audience's subconscious response, an effort which for the propagandist is so essential. Only in the light of these positive and exactly formulated theories can the full meaning of Upton Sinclair's turning over of Eisenstein's work to professional "cutters," and the explanation of their failure, be grasped.

Yet "Thunder over Mexico" must be viewed by anyone interested in the screen for its photography, which at least is Eisenstein's own, and which illustrates both the virtues and the defects of his style. It goes without saying that here as always that style is distinguished, mature, and interesting. These photographs of Mexican deserts, plants, houses, and people, considered merely as still photographs, have a fully s lf-sufficient beauty of line and composition. But how well does this director manage the synthesis between his theme, which is social and universal, and his aesthetic perception which is personal and individual? Certain shots do achieve such a synthesis: an Aztec temple-carving placed in significant relation to a modern profile; gourds, cactuses, and other forms emphasized for their maximum of phallic suggestiveness. But Eisenstein's technical virtuosity is so great that he does not always resist the impulse to play with pictorial effects that have nothing very definite to do with his theme or with anything else. The most striking instance of this is to be seen in the group of shots showing the three condemned peons awaiting their punishment in the desert. Possibly in this scene there are overtones of the Christian crucifixion; but there are more certain associations with a particular Crucifixion, that of El Greco, who has already been evoked by the St. Sebastian-like postures of the central character. In the composition here—the strictly linear pattern of arms, shoulders, heads—there is something so forced, so artificial, so exclusively abstract in appeal, that the effect seems a little grotesque, and the impulse behind it false. Such a lapse into "pure form," which is static, on the part of an artist presumably equipped with a vision that is supposed to be at all times dynamic, provokes a certain disquietude. Is it possible that even Marxism will not save us for long from the perilous attractions of an *absolute* art?

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